

BUMPER MONSTER SUMMER SPECIAL

Issue 72

WVZ

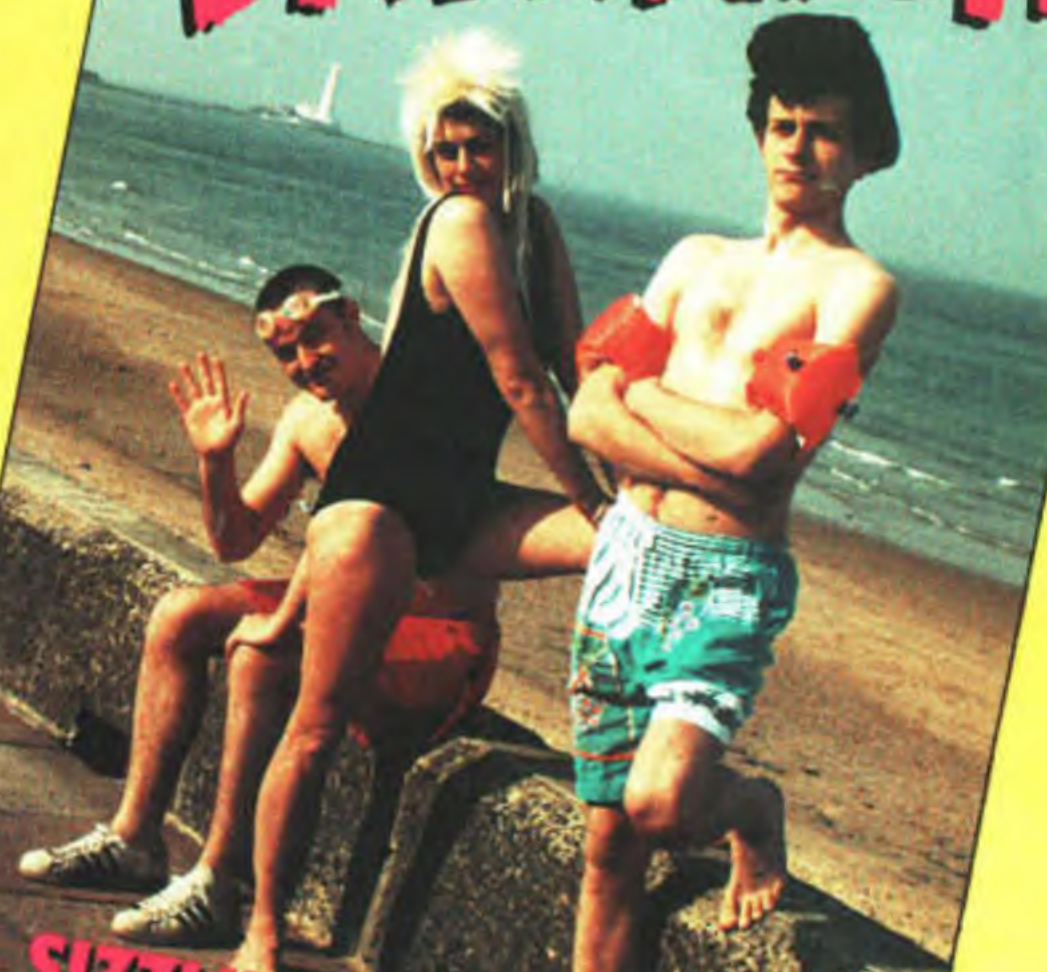
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Sid the Sexist
Spoilt Bastard
Nobby's Piles
Fat Slags
and other assorted
shit

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ISSN 0952-7966



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plus Competitions,
Letterbocks,
Top Tips etc. etc.

IT'S BIG ★ IT'S BRACING ★ IT'S BOLLOCKS

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We welcome contributions in the form of cartoons or anything else at all really. But please don't send us any original drawings. Just send photocopies to the above address. If we are interested we'll write back and ask for the originals. If we aren't, we'll throw them away.

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Please note the Publisher, John Brahn, accepts no responsibility for the failure of private advertisers (particularly the skin flints on pages 44/45) to supply the goods and services on offer. That's his arse covered then. Please also note that the views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily the views expressed in this magazine. Anything libelous or illegal was a printing mistake.

Jimmy Nail is fat and wears a woman's dress

PICTURE EXCLUSIVE

Hey big Spender! Look whose been out shopping in London's Oxford Street - for pies and women's clothes.

Life's a drag for actor turned pop star Jimmy Nail since his latest single flopped. So much so that millionaire Nail got the blues out of his wardrobe, together with a matching handbag, and went on a pick-me-up shopping spree.

Pie Shop

But picking the new look Nail up could be difficult, even for fork lift truck drivers. Slim Jim he ain't, and the temperamental star was even turned away from the lift in Harrod's after exceeding the maximum weight. Next port of call was a pie shop where the porky popster treated himself, tucking into a mountain of pies, sausage rolls and pasties.

Make-up

The strain of success is certainly beginning to show, especially on



his creaking crocodile shoes. Staff at a women's dress shop said the portly star spent all afternoon trying on girls outfits, and splashed out over a million pounds in half an hour on dresses and make-up.

Your No.1 big value Viz

We do everything in our power to maintain the price of your No.1 big value Britain's brightest read Viz at the lowest possible level. Unfortunately we have had to increase the price by 15p to £1.40. This was unavoidable due to unforeseen increases in the costs of maintaining our profits. This bumper issue carries an extra six editorial pages in a full colour centre section. We hope you enjoy it, and that you won't notice when we quietly return to our normal size in time for the next issue. The new look price will of course remain.



World NEWS

Four dead in rabbit plunge

ITALY: A giant rabbit has fallen on a bakers shop in the town of Termoli in Southern Italy, killing four and trapping several others. The eighty ton rabbit, the largest on record, was later removed using hydraulic lifting equipment.

Mountain moves

URUGUAY: A mountain measuring over 2,000 metres high has been moved ten yards to the left, and forwards about 6 feet, by council workers near the town of Cabellos. The mountain was in the way of a planned sewage works.

Robot Stan on target

EGYPT: Inmates at Selima prison, in North West Egypt, have built a life size working model of footballer Sir Stanley Matthews, basing the robot on black and white pictures of their idol. The fully operational model scored in a two-nil victory over a team of prison wardens.

Never too old to learn

CHINA: The World's oldest man, Pong Xio Ping, from the village of Chuting in China, has passed his driving test - at the 487th attempt! However Pong Xio, who is nine hundred and eighty-seven, has no plans to buy a car. He puts his longevity down to his daily ten mile bicycle ride to work in the neighbouring town of Henshaghshien, where he is a traffic warden!

Old metal found

DENMARK: A lump of metal unearthed by construction workers building a new road bridge near the town of Hjorring in Northern Denmark is believed to have been part of an old bridge dating back to the 1950s. Scientists from the University of Copenhagen believe the piece of metal could be up to forty years old.

THE BACONS

BIFFA
FATHA
AN'
MUTHA

HEY I'M STARVIN' ME. I
FUCKIN' LOVE BREAKFAST



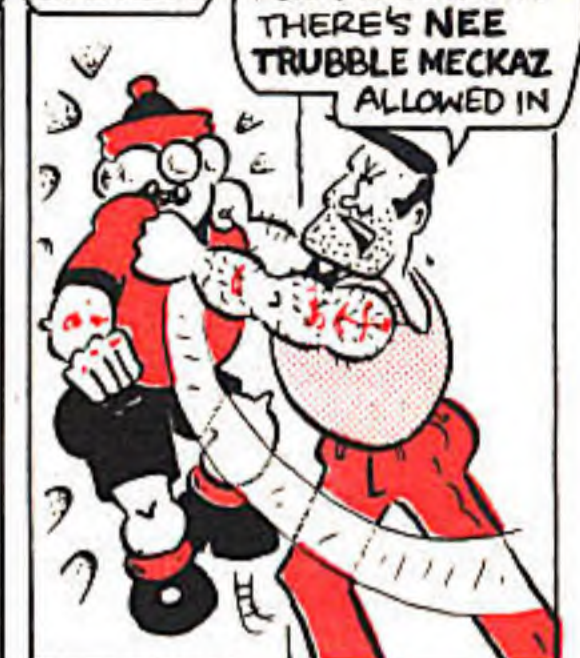
BUT...
Y' CANNAT GAN
IN THERE, SON



HOWAY, FATHA, OOT ME WAY.
I'M STARVIN' ME



Y' FUCKIN' BARRED!
I'M DEEIN' THE DOOR
FOR YA MUTHA AN'
THERE'S NEE
TRUBBLE MECKAZ
ALLOWED IN



FUCKIN' HELL. THE
BASTAARD'S BARRED US...



BUT... SORRY, SON. THIS IS A
RESPECTABLE BURG...



NEY TATTOOS!



HOWAY, MUTHA, I'M BORSTIN
FORRA SHITE, MAN!



...NOW
PISS OFF



THEN...
PSST! BIFFA!



LISTEN... I'LL DEE
YA BEDROOM DOOR
FOR YA FOR FIFTY
QUID



AA'L BE YA BOONCER. AA'L DEE
THE DOOR
FOR YA!



WELL, SON... I'D HATE T'
SEE AAL YA TOYS GET
SMASHED UP, LIKE...



AYE, FATHA. IT WOULD BE A SHAME IF
SOMEBODY PULLED THE HEED OFF BIFFA'S
FAVOURITE TEDDY BEAR



AALREET! AALREET! Y'Z
CAN DEE THE DOOR FOR
US... HERE'S YA MONEY



REET, LETTUCE IN
ME ROOM, WILL
Y'. I NEED T'HEV
A SHIT OOT
THE WINDEE



COME ON, FATHA...
HOWAY! A'VE GIVE
Y'Z THE MONEY



Y' SEE, NOO THAT ME AN' MUTHA IS DEEIN'
THE DOOR, WUZ ARE TRYIN' T'UTTRACT A
BERRA CLASS O' PERSON IN Y' BEDROOM



AW FUCK THE PAIR O' YERS!
I'M GANNIN' T' THE NETTY
FORRA NICE PIE AN' A
GEET BIG SHITE



OUTSIDE...
OH. FUCK!



DIVVUN TELL US. YA DEEIN'
THE NETTY DOOR, UNCLE BAZZA



SHORTLY...
I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD
T' THIS. THE HEED'S
POPPIN' OOT O' ME
ARSE AALREADY



OOF!

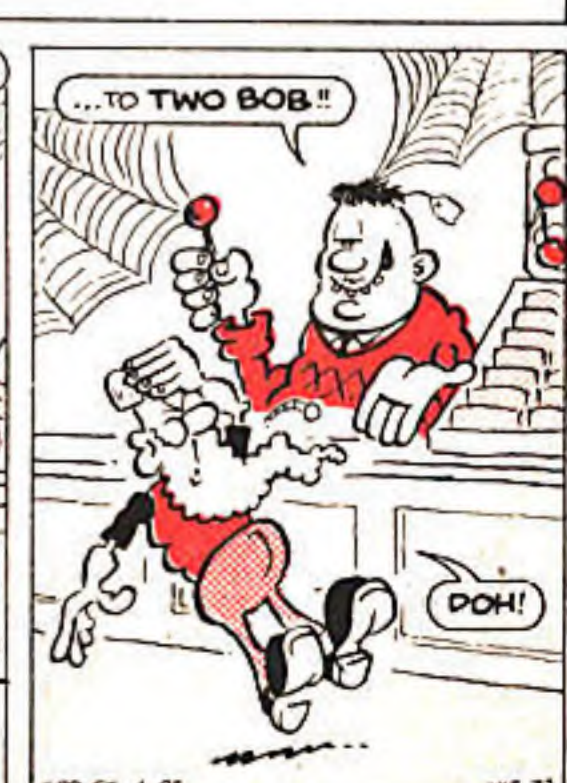


OH, BIFFA. YOUR ARSE IS BARRED FROM
THIS BURG. IT'S NOT GOT A FRIGGIN'
TIE ON



'Odd Job' bob-a-job BOB

(He does odd jobs for the odd bob)



...IT'S BAZ... 'E'S SEEIN' ANOTHER WOMAN

I KNOW HE IS... ME!

NO... A PART FROM ME!

I KNOW... I'LL BREAK INTO BAZ'S FLAT AN' AVE A GOOD LOOK 'ROUND T SEE IF I CAN FIND ANY CLUES AS T' WHO SHE IS... AYE, THAT'S IT. IT'S FRIDAY, SO BAZ'LL BE AT THE BOOKIES ALL DAY

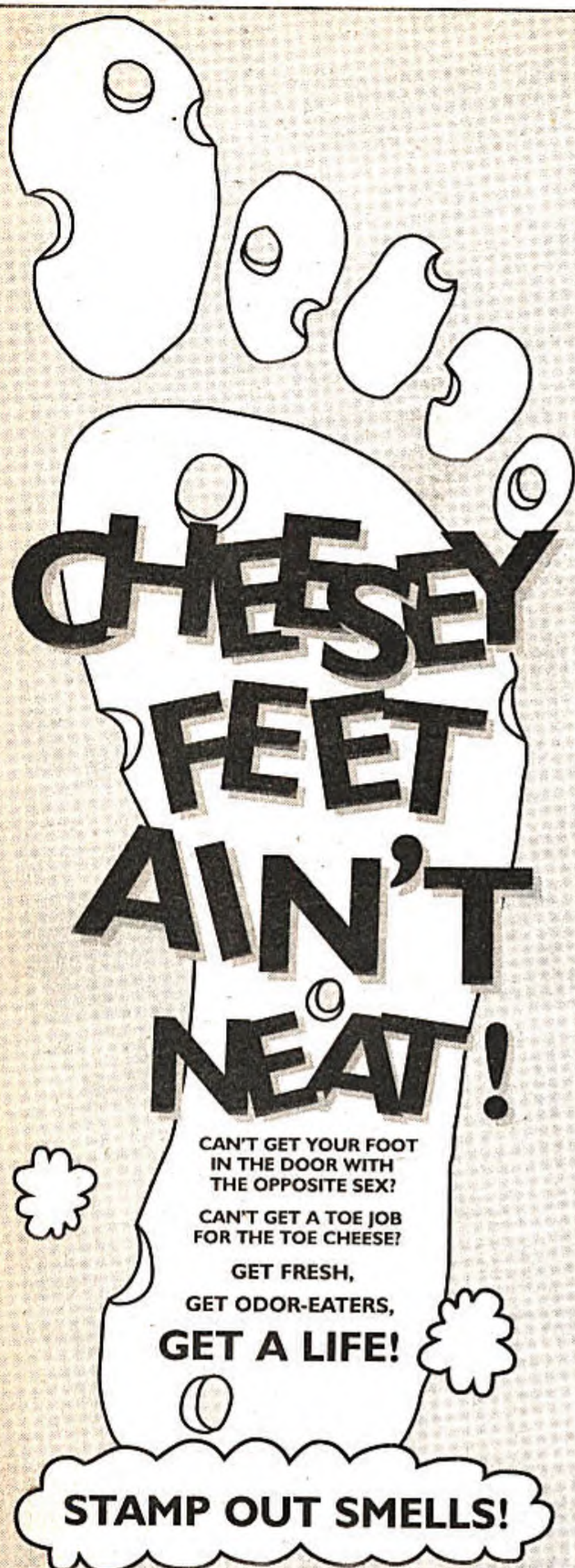
SO...

OOH, THIS IS A GOOD UN OF Y' NUTS, BAZ. Y' COULD 'AVE IT BLOWN UP OR PUT ON A SET OF COASTERS

HEH! HEH!

HEY, BAZ...

... I THOUGHT Y' SAID Y' HAD NO HARD FEELINGS NA-AA-AA



CAN'T GET YOUR FOOT
IN THE DOOR WITH
THE OPPOSITE SEX?

CAN'T GET A TOE JOB
FOR THE TOE CHEESE?

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LetterBocks

Women are NOT all sex objects

It is a popular misconception among feminists that men look upon all women as sex objects. Sex objects!? Most of them are so ugly I wouldn't shag them if you paid me.

F. Haskins
Peckham

Whilst I sympathise entirely with disabled activists, don't these people realise that their grand notions of wheelchair access to all public buildings would leave the Earth wide open to invasion by Daleks or similar aliens from outer space.

Fred Thomas
Acton, W3

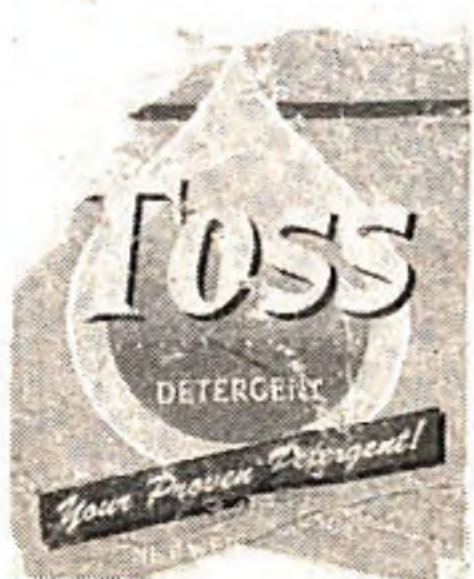
Viz may have gone up to £1.40, but I'm still quids in after buying the last issue. A combination of your misleading cover design and my elderly news-agents' failing eyesight meant that I was charged "only 10p" instead of the usual £1.25.

G. Zum
Cannock, Staffs.

* It makes no difference to us. It's your dodderly old shop keeper who loses out, not us. But don't worry. If the confused shop keeper in Cannock drops us a line we'll reimburse him - by sending him YOUR £5 cash prize, plus your Letterbocks pen.

I trust you sad twats will be sufficiently amused by this crappy detergent label called 'Toss' (widely available in East Africa) to send me a pen, plus some cash.

Ed
Hertfordshire



Letterbocks
Viz
P.O. Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT

In reply to your request for pictures of small policemen. I was an officer in the Metropolitan Police until recently. Here is a picture of me trying to arrest TV's Gareth Hunt. I was only 3'8" tall at the time. Do I win £5?

Andrew J. Taylor
Tregaron



* Oh, go on then.

If Mystic Meg is so clever she can "see" the name of the National Lottery winner every Saturday before the draw is made, why doesn't she simply "see" the six winning numbers before they're drawn, win the jackpot and then fuck off with all the money?

Dennis Sherwood
Canning Town

P.S. If she really does have telepathic powers, then she knows where she can stick her crystal ball without me having to tell her.

Hey! That was MY letter!
John Tait
Thropton

* Don't worry. You'll both
get a pen.

LETTERBOCKS SWEARING PENS!

Have a letter published and you'll receive a unique self-swearing Letterbocks pen with a revolving rude rhyme on the barrel. Plus £5, or sometimes £10, depending how we feel.

Letterbocks 3

I was dreading the boss arriving at work last week as I'd heard he was going to give me a carpeting. Then I remembered; I'm the boardroom. And not only was I being carpeted, I was also getting new curtains.

A. Boardroom
Preston

Bright idea

Apparently the long hours of darkness are to blame for the appallingly high suicide rate in Scandinavia during the winter. Perhaps if the Scandinavians tried using a higher wattage of lamp bulb to brighten up their lives, instead of drinking gallons of vodka and watching animal pornography all night long, they might not feel so readily disposed towards topping themselves.

Vincent Wulff
Kinross

Is it true that Johnny Fartpants has left Viz and emigrated to the United Arab Emirates to open a boutique? This photo, taken in Dubai recently, has got to be worth a fiver. Or failing that can I swap it for another picture of Catherine Zeta-Jones' tits? Thanking you.

Andrew J. Day
Dubai, U.A.E.



Shite idea

If Winston Churchill's private papers are worth £25 million to Japanese or American collectors, think what the old man's bones must be worth. Isn't it about time we dug the bastard up, stuck his skeleton in a museum, and handed his twat of a grandson another £10 million out of the Lottery kitty?

A. Slate
Glossop

Girl on girl

On the shampoo ad weather girl Ulrika Jonsson tells us that it would be 'headline news' if she appeared on TV with dandruff.



Bollocks. If she appeared on TV bollock naked having lesbian sex with Catherine Zeta-Jones, now that would be headline news.

Alex Routh
Cambridge
(Yes the university)

Pop shot

Whilst visiting Denmark I found these rather amusingly named fruit gums. Do I win £5?

Colin Mills
Newcastle upon Tyne



* No, because we already had 'Spunk' cookies about a year ago, and you can even buy them in Britain now. And in order to bring us in line with the rest of Europe the word 'spunk' officially ceased being funny in Britain on 5th April 1995.

I would be interested in seeing a page devoted to 'readers' knives'. I enclose a photo of my own multi-functional little beauty and look forward to seeing a selection of knives owned by other readers.

D. Marshall
Doncaster



* Are you proud of your knives' assets? Send your snaps to: Readers Knives, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. There's £250,000 plus share options for every picture we print.

Pop Shit

On a recent edition of TV's 'Top of the Pops' DJ Chris Evans described the band Oasis as his "heroes". What an insult to those men who fought and died to keep this island free during the Second World war. THEY were the real heroes. And what's more, they never ripped off any Neil Innes songs.

Jon Boggs
Nottingham

Fuck wit

As Viz costs £1.25 and Rosie & Jim Comic costs 99p, I buy Rosie & Jim Comic. This saves me 26p. Because Rosie & Jim comes out four times more often than Viz, I save 4 x 26p which makes £1.04, nearly enough to buy Viz. If Viz goes up to £1.50 I'll save 51p each time I buy Rosie & Jim. This means I'll only have to buy Rosie & Jim 3 times and I'll get Viz completely free, with 3p to spare. Buying one less Rosie & Jim leaves me another 99p, so I actually make £1.02 profit if Viz goes up to £1.50.

Kjartan Poskitt
Aylesbury

* Sorry Mr Poskitt. The £1.50 Viz is still a long way off. At least 8 weeks anyway. In the meantime our new cover price of £1.40 should leave you 62p better off.

Summing up on the inside

As I'm stuck in prison I am able to spend more time than most working out the mathematical probability of winning the National Lottery. With the accepted odds of a jackpot win being 14 million to one, if you bought a £1 ticket every single week from your 16th birthday until you reach the age of 66 (a total of 50 years multiplied by 52 entries making a total outlay of £2,600), there would be a mean probability that you would win the jackpot once every five thousand lifetimes. So, providing you believe in reincarnation, you're bound to win eventually.

A. R. Hatswell
Remand Wing, H.M.P. Exeter
P.S. Prison stinks like a judge's arse. And by the way, we're innocent.

* We get a terrific amount of mail from people in prison, many of whom tell us they're innocent. So from the next issue we're going to offer special 'Viz Pardons' to anyone who writes to us from prison. Simply drop us a line and we'll send you an official certificate saying that you didn't do it. You can show the certificate to the prison authorities who might let you out, or put it on your cell wall, or send it to the BBC's 'Rough Justice' programme and demand a retrial. Write to Postal Pardons, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Please write on official prison notepaper quoting your name and number, and we'll post you a pardon by return.

I was saddened to hear that the BBC is to axe its sophisticated arts programme 'The Late Show' due to poor viewing figures. Perhaps the programme makers should have followed the example of Britain's many 'art house' cinemas, and shown more pornography (with subtitles of course) in order to attract a wider sophisticated audience.

S. Massey
Gerrards Cross



I find it bizarre that while many soldiers who fought in the war won medals for killing Germans, actor Leslie Grantham received a prison sentence for shooting one whilst serving in the army. If the former EastEnders star was guilty of anything, it was simply bad timing.

R. Scott-Grey
Haymarket

Further to the recent letter regarding school fight results (Letterbocks issue 71). I am busy compiling a list of pub car park fight results and would be very interested to hear from any readers who lost teeth in The Collingwood car park, Jesmond, in 1978. I thought perhaps your correspondent Mr Cowx could be of help?

A. Dodo
Newcastle

War?...Good God y'all

I go to church and consequently my moral standards are unquestionable. I found Mr R. Scott-Grey's reference to the war offensive (Letterbocks, issue 72) coming as it did so close to the VE Day anniversary. Rather than trivialising the memory of our war dead I suggest you have a minutes silence on your Letterbocks page in memory of those who fell during what was without doubt the best war we've had so far.

Major H. Lemon-Meringue
Somerset

* There will now follow a minute's silence...

Cough... (Shhh!)

Regarding the bloke who reckons it's impossible to win the lottery. Kiss my fucking arse.

That bloke in Blackburn who won the lottery

LETTERBOCKS
continues

Wartime ration book brings ciggie windfall

A wartime ration book bequeathed to the nation by the late Lady Hyde-Park has been sold to the Imperial Cancer Research Fund for a record £7 squillion pounds.

The record price, the biggest sum of money ever, was described as a 'bargain' by Lady Hyde-Park's grandson, Tory MP Sir Anthony Regents-Park.

"I'm just delighted that the book will remain in the country, and that I am now seven squillion pounds richer", he told

reporters outside a London brothel which he was visiting yesterday.

Plans

Sir Anthony won't be wasting his windfall. He has already announced plans to buy a packet of ten Embassy Regal ordinary size cigarettes for every



Lady Hyde-Park
in the thirties.

schoolchild in his Fulchester Sunny Oak constituency.

Concerning one of your advertisers, CTX Books, whose ad appeared on your 'Cheapskates Parade' recently. I sent off £20 expecting to receive a collection of 14 titles giving advice on subjects such as 'electronic self defence', 'dirty tricks' and 'bill dodging'. Instead I received one 60 page booklet which was painful to read as it contained numerous spelling mistakes and grammatical errors. The written contents consisted of little more than anecdotes and no practical advice. I wrote to CTX Books returning the booklet and asking for a refund, and one month later have received no reply. Other readers considering sending money to CTX Books may wish to bear this in mind.

James Creagh
Thames Ditton

** If you sit under an elephants arse, you get shat on.*

That's not entirely fair. I also sent off for a 'muscle builder' book and a 'Life Tools Mind Machine', advertised on the same page by different companies, and on both occasions received quality goods and service.

James Creagh
Thames Ditton

** Oh well. You pays your money, you takes your choice.*

Shore thing

Isn't it strange that crackpot sixties singer Sandie SHORE once went out with washing powder expert and arsehole Jeff BANKS. Are readers aware of any other celebrity couples both of whom's surnames are water/land interfaces?

M. Tent
Morpeth

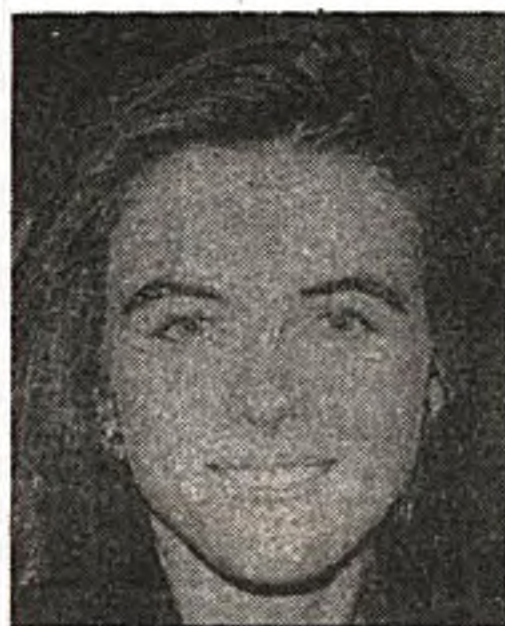
Sheep shagger

Viz definitely ISN'T as funny as it used to be in the olden days. That's why I left the country and moved to New Zealand. If Viz gets funny again, I'll come back.

Chris Underhill
Motueka, N.Z.

Cow shagger

The other day I was abducted by aliens and taken to a space craft where I was forced to have sex with Liz Hurley, who the aliens had abducted as well. Afterwards the aliens returned us to Earth. Liz was hypnotised so she's forgotten it ever happened.



The aliens also used time travel so that we returned to Earth at exactly the same time we were abducted, so nobody noticed we'd gone. In fact Liz was sitting having a meal with Hugh Grant at the time, and he never noticed a thing. Little does Hugh know while he was sitting talking to her, his bird was up in space having sex with me for two hours non stop! And I'll tell you what Hugh. She loved every minute of it.

G. Carter
Shoreditch

In reply to P. Tent's letter concerning celebrity couples whose names are water/land interfaces. No, I can't think of any. But on a similar subject, it always struck me as a shame that Jerry Hall ditched Brian Ferry. If they'd married she'd have become Jerry Ferry. And if Carly Simon had married Bob Marley she could have been Carly Marley. If Julie Christie had married Linford Christie she could have kept the same name, and had a husband with a huge cock.

Kevin Brady
South Shields

'Always expect the unexpected', or so they say. But if you expect it, it ceases to be unexpected, thus preventing you from expecting it in the first place. I think.

T. Holmes
Bayswater

"You treat this place like a bloody hotel, coming and going whenever it suits you" said my mother the other day. Imagine her embarrassment when she remembered she is a hotel receptionist, and she was talking to a guest who had just handed in his room key.

D. Collier
Forest Fields, Notts.

I've thought of another one. Whitney Pitney. (Whitney Houston and Gene Pitney).

Kevin Brady
South Shields

Trees please

I'm strongly opposed to private car ownership. Put simply, I prefer trees to roads. But if the only way to save trees is to have new age hippies sitting in them, then perhaps I'd rather have roads after all.

Mr D.L. Infantry
Gateshead

** What do YOU prefer, trees or roads? Write and tell us. There's a free car, or tree house, for every letter we print.*

I was interested to read the letter from your correspondent G. Carter of Shoreditch (LetterBocks, this page) who was abducted by aliens and then forced to have sex with Liz Hurley. Strangely enough my wife was abducted by aliens recently, and was then forced to have sex with Hugh Grant.



Afterwards Grant was hypnotised and forgot the whole experience. However my wife recalls it vividly. She says he was hung like a mouse, and he came before he'd got his underpants off.

P. Hurst
Bristol

Further to Mr Infantry's letter and the car/roads debate (LetterBocks, this page). We can easily manage without roads, by simply getting the bus to work. But trees provide oxygen for the atmosphere, without which we would all have to hold our breath whenever we went outside. I vote for trees.

Mr S. Paddy
Haymarket

Rubbish. Trees are expensive to maintain, they drink water, and their leaves fall off making a mess. If Marc Bolan had stuck to roads, and not driven his car up a tree, he'd have still been alive today.

Mr T. McAdam
Derby

In reply to the letter about cars and trees (not the last one, the one before it). Mr Paddy suggests that trees make the oxygen in our atmosphere. I'm afraid that isn't true. What the lefties perched high up in their precious trees fail to realise is that 78% of the oxygen in our atmosphere is produced by algae, not trees. Ask any botanist. Trees are used for making wooden things, like picnic tables. And I should know. My uncle works in a picnic table factory and has done for 42 years.

Mr W. Yeoman
Bristol

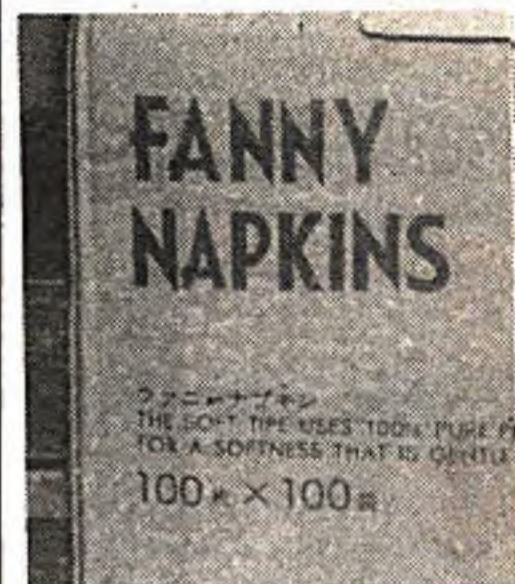
Fannyng around

I often wondered why so many South Africans were cunts. Then I spotted this establishment in Johannesburg and all was explained. Do I win £5?

Rory McCaughan
Swaziland

I often wondered why the Japanese have poor table manners... or something. Anyway, here's a box of 'Fanny Napkins' I spotted on a container ship in Japan.

Noel
Weymouth

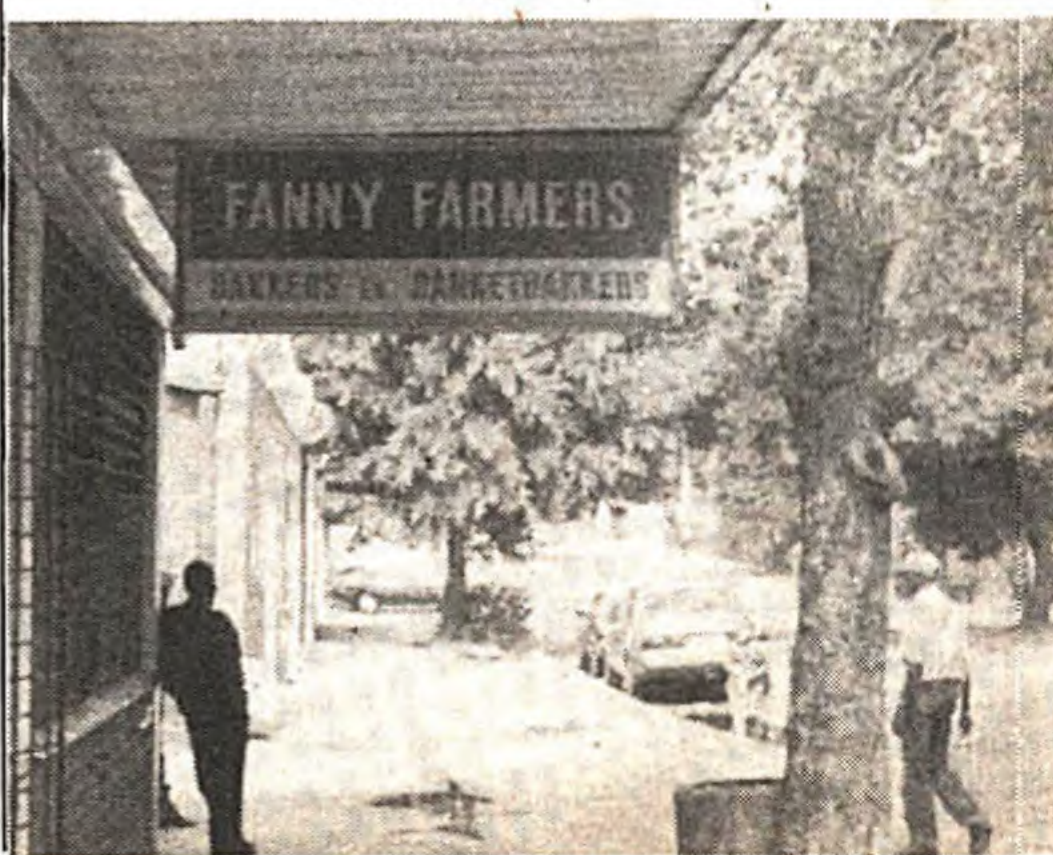


Please find enclosed a photo showing yet more hilarious foreign fanny vaginal innuendo tomfoolery. One can only speculate as to the culinary delights that may result from this combination of Hungarian powdered orange juice and traditional British specialities.

Dave Baxandall
Chorley-cum-Hardy

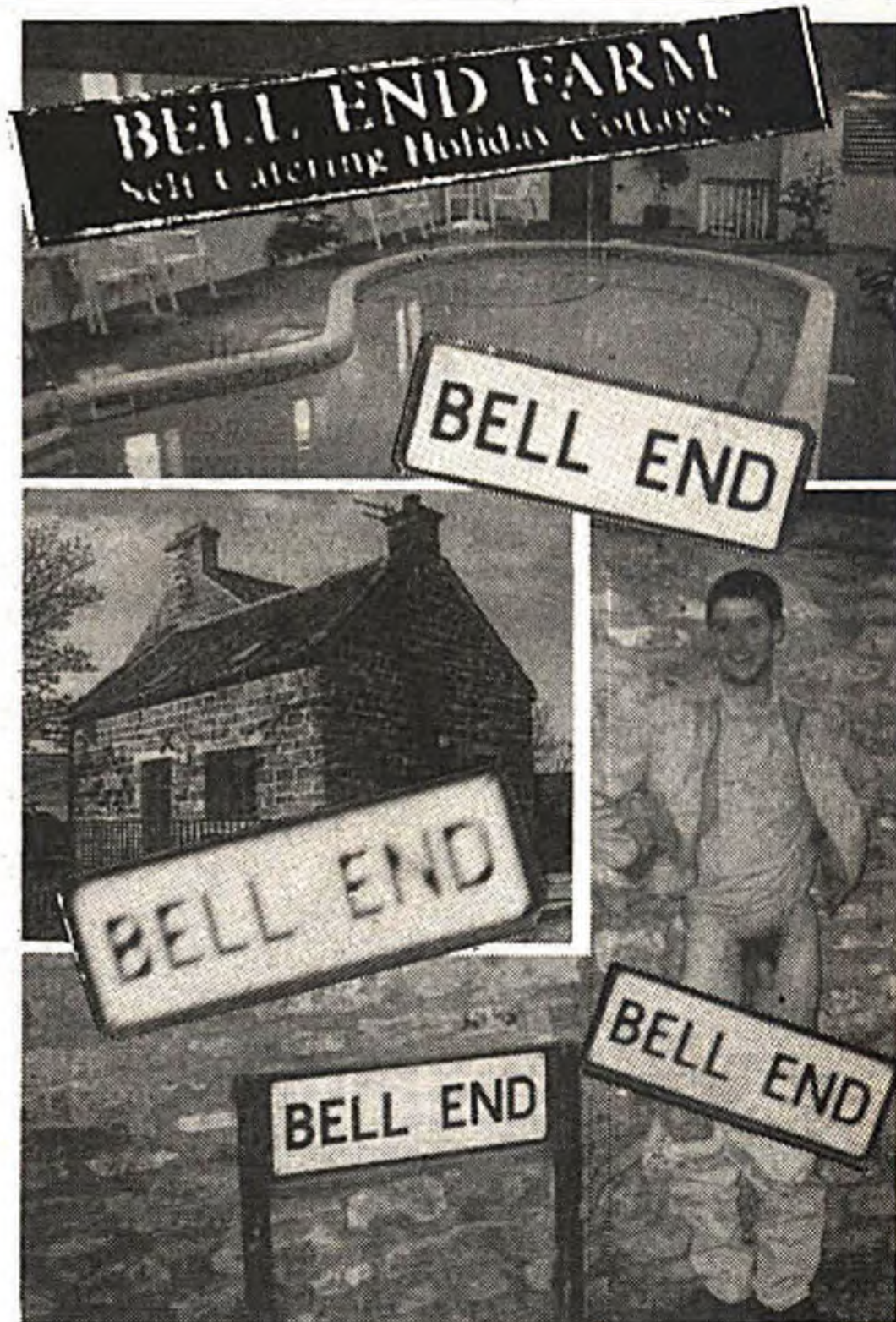


**Please note that with effect from the next issue photographs containing the word 'Fanny' will no longer be considered for publication.*



Bell End Gallery

* We offered £100 to the first person to send us a photo of an authentic 'Bell End' street or place name sign. Britain's most popular Bell End turned out to be a road in the village of Wollaston, Northamptonshire. It was spotted first by Paul Willmott of Rushden, who gets the £100, and also by Steve Manning of Wellingborough, C.R. of Irchester, S.R. Askew of Kettering, R.W. of Higham Ferrers and Gary Lovell of Northampton who decided to show us his own bell end, which looks pretty small by comparison. Another popular Bell End is the award winning self catering holiday complex at Rosedale Abbey in North Yorkshire known as Bell End Farm, which boasts an indoor heated swimming pool (also pictured). This Bell End was spotted by F. George of Rhyde, Philip Richardson of Bedlington, C. Reeve of Middlesbrough and Kevin Tomlinson of Norwich. All the runners up all get a pen or something.



Steven Spielberg spent millions making 'Schindler's List'. I went to Luxembourg and got this picture of 'Schindler's Lift' for nothing. And its in colour.

Benjamin Jangle
Swansea

atmosphere than cars. Under the circumstances, perhaps we should chop down all the trees and use them to make spears, bows and arrows, for killing whales with.

Mr C. R. Pellow
Haymarket

* Should we chop down the trees and use them to kill the whales. What do YOU think? Why not ring Tommy Boyd on UK Talk Radio and tell him. He's usually desperate for something to talk about.

If Keith Chegwin is an example of what alcoholics can achieve by beating the booze, mine's another bottle of Pils.

R. Rogers
Dudley

Kill the whale

If it is true what Mr Yeoman (Letterbocks, this issue) says about algae producing most of our oxygen (and it IS, because David Attenborough said so on the telly), then surely whales, who live in the sea and eat plankton, are doing more harm to the

Top Tips

DON'T waste money on expensive Swiss cheese. Just buy cheddar, and poke holes in it with an old knitting needle.

G. Dent
Boscombe

MAKE your wife cry when you're having sex by phoning her up and telling her.

R.G.
Manchester

DON'T waste money on expensive cheddar cheese. Simply buy Swiss cheese and fill the holes with butter.

G. Dent
Boscombe

IF you're going to San Francisco, be sure to wear a flower in your hair.

P. Lowe
Norwich

CONVINCE dinner guests that your wife has a tapeworm by teaching her to regurgitate noodles while you hold a spoonful of sugar to her mouth.

Mr D. Light-Infantry
Gateshead

Send your Top Tips to our Letterbocks address. There's a Top ball Tip pen plus a fiver for every one we print.

DEAD butterflies make ideal hang gliders for wood lice.

A. E. Greenall
Liverpool

BALDIES. Don't waste money on a rug. Simply snip off a tuft of pubic hair and glue it to the palm of your hand. Then every time you stroke your shiny head it will feel hairy.

S. Sheppard
Ipswich

VICARS. Avoid confetti problems in your churchyard by spraying the bride and groom with a light coating of 'spray mount' adhesive before they leave the church. The confetti will then stick to them, and not be left littering the ground.

John Kean
New Malden

AFTER dinner save the expense of a coffee percolator by simply putting fresh coffee in a pot and adding hot water. Then ask guests to wear an old stocking over their head whilst drinking, to stop any bits getting in their mouth. The denier of the stocking can be changed according to whether you are drinking espresso or coarse ground.

P. Cotton
Wells, Somerset

VIZ editors. Run out of ideas? Let your readers write the magazine for you by offering them a ball point pen in return for their contributions, whilst you earn a fortune sitting on your fat arses.

S. James
Watford

* Your pen's in the post.

SAVE on expensive loo roll by taking a gripping book to the toilet with you. You'll become so engrossed that whatever there was to wipe will have dried up by the time you put the book down.

M. Armalade
Teddington Lock

DENTISTS. Why pay over the odds for a fancy hydraulic chair? Simply strap patients to an ordinary wooden chair suspended from the ceiling on elastic rope. Lower or raise the patient to the required position by skillfully positioning weights in their various pockets.

J. K.
New Malden

WHY waste a fortune on expensive telephone sex lines. Just dial any number and forget to add the '1' after the first zero. The woman on the BT tape has got a really sexy voice, and the call is free.

Pippa Legg
Lyndhurst

KEEP old light bulbs after they 'pop'. When your neighbour asks you to look after his house while he's away on holiday, swap them for some of his.

P. Legg
Lyndhurst

GIRLS. 'Roll your own' tampons using cigarette papers and a packet of cotton wool.

Graham Townend
Shipley

LEARNER skateboarders. Carry an old paint roller in both hands. These can be used as 'stabilisers' whenever you lose your balance.

Desmond Umbridge
Bolton

SAVE money on mouthwash by spitting it back into the bottle. Replace the entire bottle once it becomes chewy.

G. T.
Shipley

MUMS. Fit an extra handle onto your pram so that it can be pushed either way.

Mike Howarth
Manchester

IN hot weather attach a length of string to a homing pigeon's leg and tie the other end to your ceiling rose. The bird will try to fly home, but instead will simply circle the room, creating a cooling breeze with its constantly flapping wings. Place bread crumbs and water on a step ladder in the middle of the room so that it can stop occasionally for a rest and some refreshment.

Mr N. Bus
Haymarket

NOBBY'S PILES



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AAH... A NICE FURRY BOG SEAT, QUILTED ARSE PAPER, A DIET HIGH IN ROUGHAGE AND FLUFFY MARSHMALLOW - IT'S MY RECIPE FOR A COMFY CACK THAT WON'T SCATHE ME ZEIG-HEILS.



AAH... THAT'S BETTER. CAREFUL WITH YOUR CERAMICS IN THE FRIDGE DEAR.



THERE'S BEEN A MOUSE NIBBLING THE CHEESE - SO I'VE PUT A...



FUCK ME, THE SOONER I GET MY KEYS SAFELY PULLED UP - THE BETTER.



FF-FFF-FFFF-FFF!!!



GOD, I HOPE IT'S RUNNY SOUP.

NONSENSE, I'VE MADE YOU A LOVELY CURRY, YOUR FAVOURITE.



DON'T WORRY DEAR. WITH YOUR SORE CHUFF IN MIND, I'VE MADE IT WITH THIS EXTRA MILD CURRY POWDER.



CLOONK



SHORTLY...

EEH. WHAT A FLAVOURSOME CURRY. I HAD SIX PLATES, ME.



SHORTLY...

I'M SORRY, MR. CHALFONT. YOUR ARSE IS RAGING OUT OF CONTROL. RED ADAIR'S FLYING IN FROM TEXAS TO CAP YOUR HAEMORRHOIDS. HE'LL BE HERE BY TUESDAY AFTERNOON.



Play POP



Macho Michael takes a swing at a Sun photo-grapher. A picture of the incident appears in the paper the next day. In it Michael looks like Morrissey dancing. **Lose 20 points.**

You and Michael just want to be left alone. So you go to a showbiz party and start snogging with tongues in the middle of the room. **Collect 30 points.**

MYSTERY DRESSING ROOM

A top pop star awaits you behind the mystery dressing room door. Rip off your knickers and throw again to find out who.

You cash in on all the rock stars you've had in their underpants by writing a book on the subject. **Collect 20 points.**

G

A photographer takes a picture of you and Michael Hutchence leaving a club. Throw again. If its even, Michael smiles and you **lose 20 points**. If its odd, he gives him the fingers and you **gain 20**.

Bob is coming up the garden path with a bunch of flowers and a box of chocolates. Miss 2 turns while you dash out the back door and thumb a lift to the airport.

HOW TO PLAY

Girls! Fed up with your boring, humdrum lives? Tired of doing housework? Wouldn't you rather be jetting round the world, hopping in and out of bed with all your favourite pop stars? Well now you can, by playing Paula's Pop Tart game. The rules are simple. Throw a dice and take turns at moving around the board. As you go you pick up points for tartish behaviour. *But every time you pass 'GO', you get a little bit wrinkly and your tits sag.* Once you've passed 'GO' 6 times you're past it, a shagged out old slapper, and you're out of the game. Keep a track of your score as you go round the board. The winner is the tart who finishes with the highest score.

Jimmy Somerville

Not much doing. **Lose 10 points**

Shakin' Stevens

He can't get it up. **Lose 10 points**

Jason Donovan

He has an asthma attack. **Lose 10.**

Bros

They pull a train. **Collect 40 points**

Bob Geldof

You have a headache. **Lose 50 points**

Marti Pellow

You wet wet wet your pants. **Gain 50 points**



CLIFF'S DRESSING ROOM

You can win the game outright if you achieve the impossible and pop Cliff Richard's cherry. **Simply throw six consecutive sixes and you've done it!**

You cash in on all the babies you've had by writing a book on the subject. **Collect 20 points** (but miss 2 turns while someone checks the spelling)

Arriving at a showbiz party you flash a bit of leg getting out of your car. Throw again to see if you're wearing any nickers

Even: Yes. **Get 5 points**
Odd: No. **Get 50 points**

You go to a nightclub. It is pitch dark inside. Michael suddenly realises he's forgotten his sunglasses. **Miss 3 turns** while the ponce goes back to his hotel to get them.

Daisy Chain

Lose 10 points

Mushroom Fairy Ring

Lose 5 points

Rainbow Pixie Dust

No score

Refresher Love Heart

Gain 5 points

Fluffy Bunny Rabbit

Gain 10 points

Peaches Honey Blossom

Gain 20 points



You've had a third baby. Now the pressure is really on to think of an even more ridiculous name.

You wake up in a hotel room in America. Bob Geldof is at the door with a bunch of flowers. Miss 2 turns while you climb out the window and clamber down the fire escape.

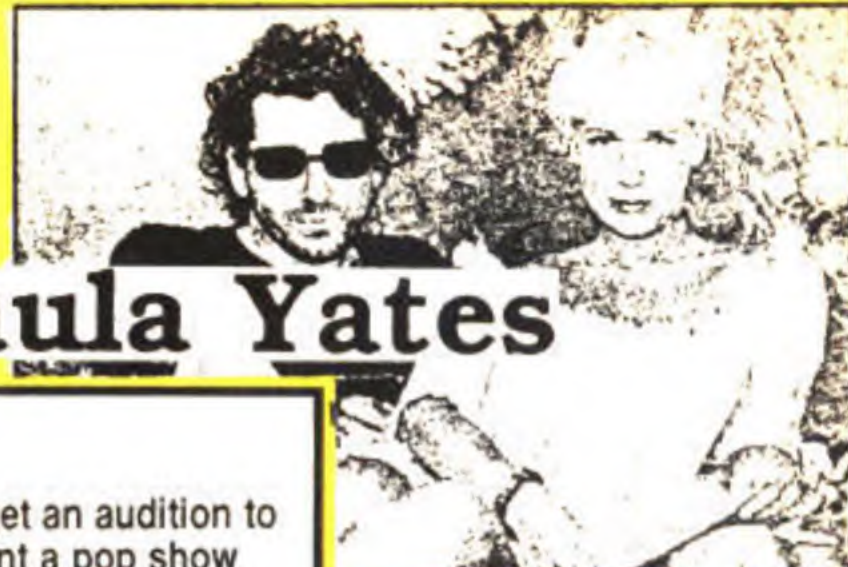
BED HOP

Land here and you can, if you wish, try to hop from bed to bed across the board missing 'GO' and collecting **100 points** by throwing 4 consecutive odds and evens. But if you try and fail, you must proceed to 'GO' and **lose 50 points**.



TART

with Paula Yates



Your dad is a dodderly old TV vicar, and he hits the headlines when he runs off with a young model. An ideal start in life for a budding young tart. **Collect 10 points**

Porny pictures you posed for as a yo-yo knickered teenager appear in the Sunday papers. *Miss 6 turns while 4 million News of the World readers wank all over them.*



Congratulations! You've had a baby. Throw again to select a suitably stupid name for the child, and score accordingly.

You get an audition to present a pop show on Channel 4. You're crap and giggle a lot. You get the job. **Collect 20 points.**

You have to shag Ben (out of Curiosity Killed The Cat) while he's still famous. So you don't have much time. Throw again. Score 2 or less and you make it, **score 40 points.** 3 or more and he's a has been. **Lose 20.**



- **Jane**
Lose 10 points
- **Anabel**
Lose 5 points
- **Lucinda**
No score
- **Daffodil**
Gain 5 points
- **Sugar Plum**
Gain 10 points
- **Rhubarb And Custard**
Gain 20 points



You're having a tattoo. Throw again to decide whereabouts on your body to have it done, and score accordingly.

Throw 1 or 2: **SHOULDER 0 points**
Throw 3 or 4: **TIT 10 points**
Throw 5 or 6: **ARSE 20 points**

Watching Top of the Pops you suddenly realise you've shagged every artist in this week's top ten. **Collect 50 points.**

- **Dandelion**
Lose 10 points
- **Martini**
Lose 5 points
- **Ariel Ultra**
No score
- **Gemima Puddleduck**
Gain 5 points
- **Corn Pops**
Gain 10 points
- **Chicken Drumstick**
Gain 20 points



Oops! You've had another baby. Throw again to choose an even sillier name.

You try to get into Take That's dressing room, but you're old enough to be their mother. They barricade themselves inside. **Lose 20 points.**



You have it off with Michael Hutchence in a taxi. The driver, who was watching, tells the press. **Collect 50 points.**

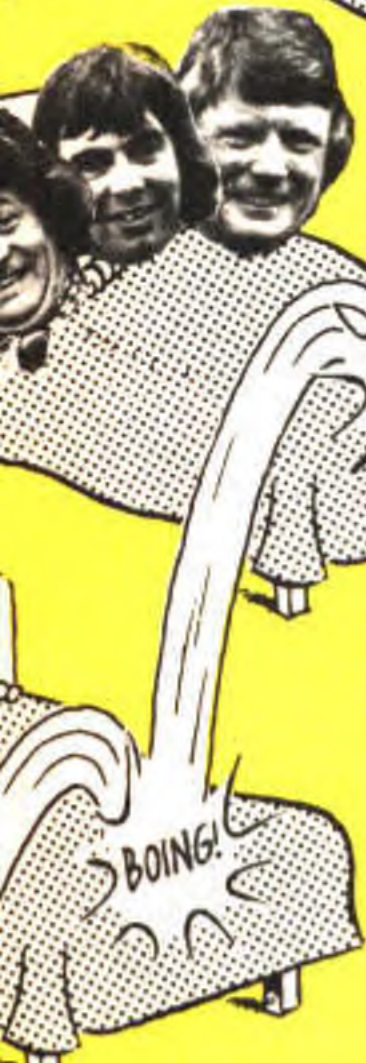


Watching Top of the Pops you suddenly realise you haven't shagged any of the artists in this weeks top forty. **Lose 50 points.**

Your husband Bob, releases a comeback record. Throw again to see whether it will be a hit...
Score 1 to 6: It flops.
Other number: It's a hit.

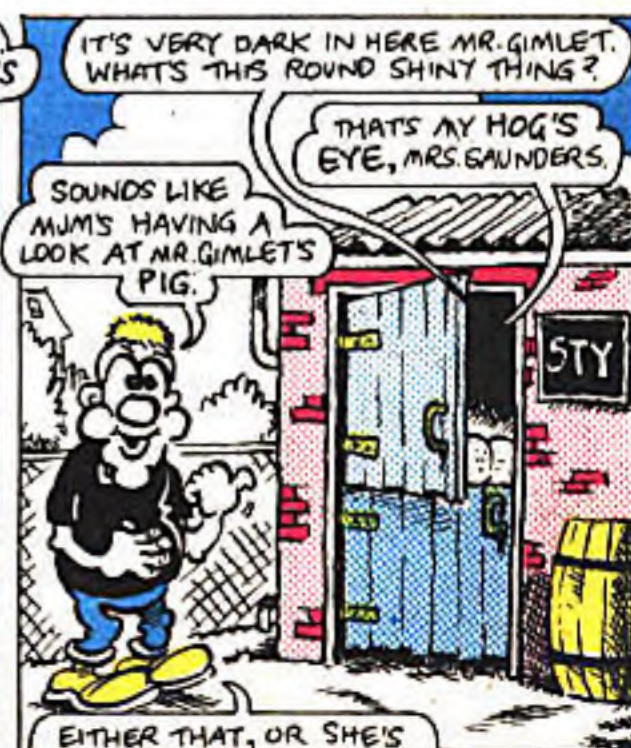
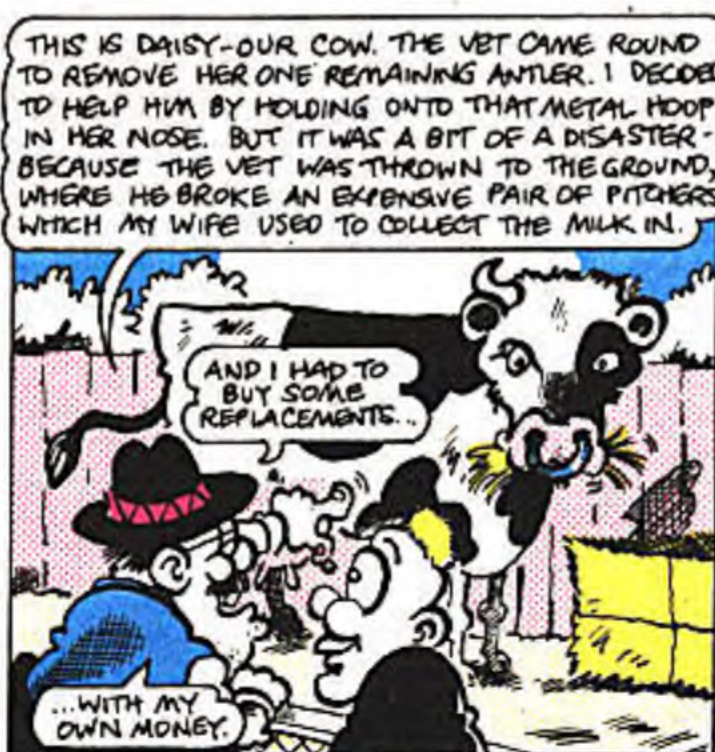
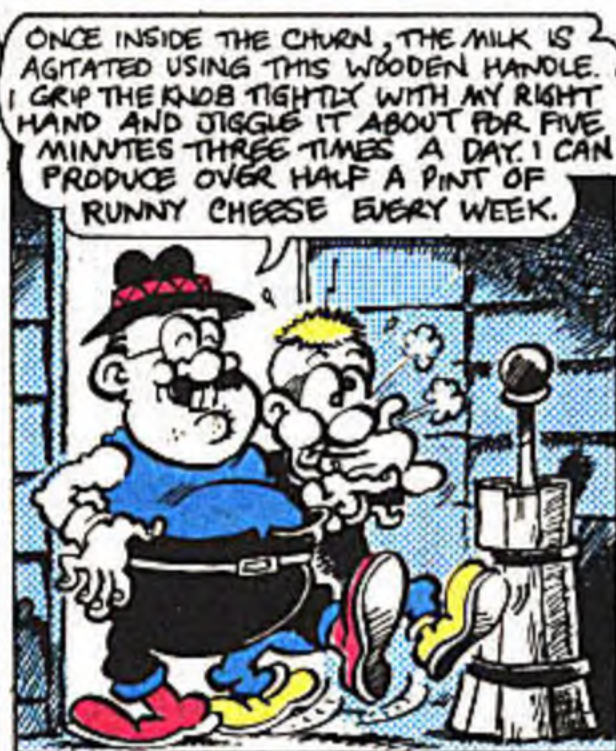
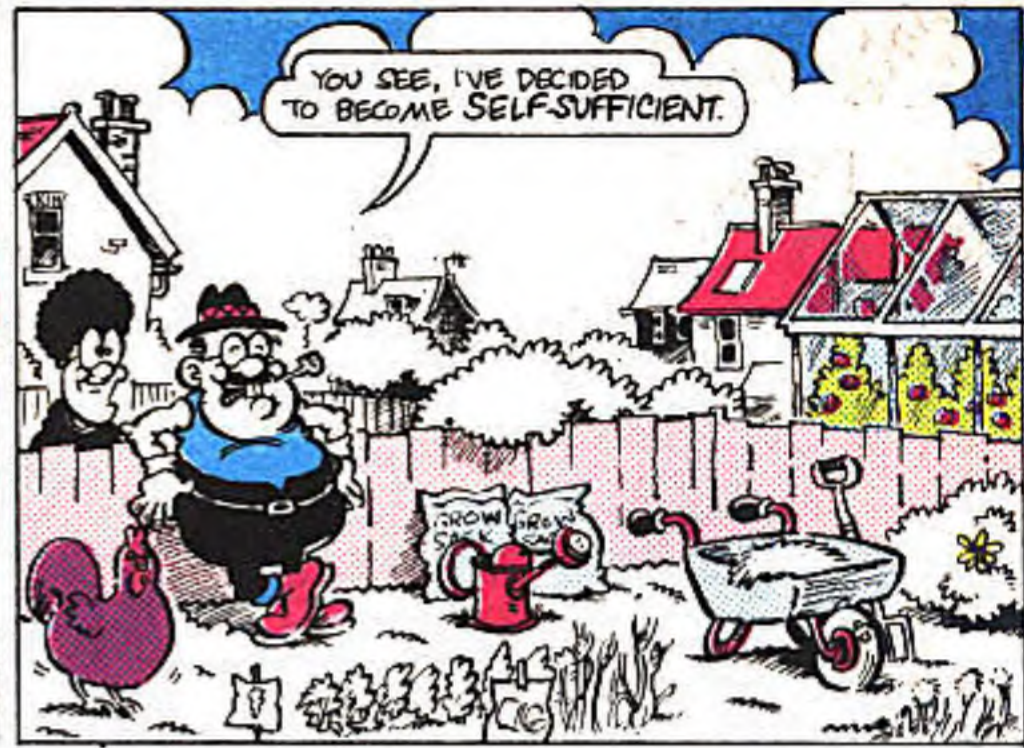
You're a bit drunk and you think you've scored with Terrence Trent D'Arby. The next morning you wake up in bed with Lemmy out of Motorhead. **Lose 50 points**

You get an audition to work on a breakfast TV show. Your husband owns the company. You get the job. **Collect 10 points.**



Finbar Saunders

& HIS DOUBLE ENTENDRES



Preston Ironed



THERE WE ARE... ALL NEATLY PRESSED. NO EXCUSE FOR HAVING CRUMPLED SHOELACES. OH, NO NO NO...

LOVELY, CLEAN, STRAIGHT, PRESSED, EQUILENGTHED SHOELACES...

I'LL JUST CHECK THEM WITH MY RULER

OH MY WORD, I'VE EXCELLED MYSELF THERE. THEY'RE STRAIGHTER THAN STRAIGHT IF ONLY MY MOTHER COULD SEE THEM, SHE'D BE SO, SO PROUD OF ME. ANYWAY, NOW TO WORK ON MY CREASES.

OOH, LOOK AT THOSE... YOU COULD CUT FRESH BREAD WITH THOSE CREASES... AND IT'S THE GREASE THAT MAKES THE MAN YOU KNOW

NOW... WHERE'S MY PLUMB LINE?

PERFECT! STRAIGHT AS A DIE! THE PLUMB LINE NEVER LIES. RIGHT... WHERE ARE MY SHOES?

MAGNIFICENT! THE ARMY TAUGHT ME TO SHINE SHOES LIKE THAT... I SMARTEST MAN IN MY REGIMENT I WAS ONCE SPENT TWO WEEKS SHINING ONE TOE CAP...

BEST TWO WEEKS OF MY LIFE!

THERE WE ARE... IF YOU WANT TO GET AHEAD, GET A HAT... THAT'S WHAT MY MOTHER USED TO SAY

PERFECT. I'M READY TO FACE THE WORLD. NO NEED FOR UNTIDYNESS. UNTIDYNESS IS A DISCOURTESY TO OTHERS.

TIDY HOUSE

RIGHT! TIME FOR A SPOT OF BREAKFAST

SHORTLY... AHA! WHAT'S THIS? AS ONE OF THE TIDIEST DRESSED MEN IN PULCHESTER, I'VE BEEN INVITED TO TAKE PART IN A SUIT WEARING COMPETITION. OH, THAT'S SPLENDID. I'LL GO ALONG STRAIGHT AWAY IN MY VERY BEST SUIT

OH, MY...

SPLOSH!

PHWE! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE. WATER PLAYS HAVOC WITH THE WARP AND WEFT OF A CLOTH. A DRY SUIT IS A TIDY SUIT

DEAD

LATER... OH, DEAR... A FIRE! HELP! HEEEEELP!

I CAN'T HELP IN THIS SUIT... I'LL GET COVERED IN SOOT...

I'LL PRETEND NOT TO NOTICE

HEEEEEELP! PLEASE... HELP ME!

SMASHING... NOW I'LL ARRIVE AT THE COMPETITION AS NEAT AND TIDY AS I LEFT THE HOUSE

YES... ALL NEAT AND TIDY. AND TIDY IS AS TIDY DOES.

SHORTLY... GRAND SUIT WEARING COMPETITION

AH, MR. IRONED... MY, WHAT A SMART SUIT... ER... ANYWAY, YOU'RE JUST IN TIME. WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET CHANGED TO PARADE IN FRONT OF THE JUDGES

GET READY?! I AM READY... THIS IS THE SUIT I'M WEARING FOR THE COMPETITION

...THE SUIT WEARING COMPETITION

OH, DEAR, THAT'S A TYPING ERROR. MY TYPWRITER TYPES THE LETTER 'U' INSTEAD OF THE LETTER 'H'... IT'S A SHIT WEARING COMPETITION...

LIHS 15384

RIGHT, FRANK! LET 'ER GO!

SPLATCH!

GAGGING FOR IT!!

British girls are flocking to sun drenched foreign beaches by the plane load for sensational ice cream orgies, and sizzling lolly romps.

Saucy female fun seekers are turning their back on Britain, because they simply can't get enough ices from our fellas. Instead British beauties are lapping up lollies and chomping choc bars on the sun scorched beaches of Spain, and having the time of their lives!

Host

Temperatures are soaring and so are ice cream sales at resorts like Magaluf, which play host to hordes of frustrated females, all longing for a lick. And the local lads are more than willing to step in and satisfy our ice cream hungry lasses.

Most

We visited Magaluf to witness for ourselves the ice cream antics of the lusty holiday Brits. At the airport groups of girls piled off planes and straight into the nearest cafe for their first ice cream of the holiday.

Mouse

"This is the first of many. I'm aiming to have it 200 times before I go home",

British beach birds can't get enough!

one girl told us as she licked away at a whopping '99'. Her pals licked their lips and giggled. "We're going to have it every day", they boasted. "I was here last year, and I had it over 1000 times".

Finn

Targets like that are easily met in the uninhibited ice cream atmosphere of the Spanish seaside resorts. It's available everywhere you look. We spotted a group of girls tucking into ice creams on the beach. Passers-by didn't bat an eyelid. "We're only here for the ice cream", said Sandra, a secretary from Manchester. "We never get enough back home."

Take

"My boyfriend sometimes gives me a vanilla one on very hot days, but usually when I want

it he says he doesn't feel like it. But over here you only have to ask, and the fellas give you one. And there's so many different flavours to choose from".

East

Another girl, who preferred not to be named, said she'd been getting it in lots of different places. "A Spanish lad came up to me on the pier and asked if I wanted some. We had it right there and then. Only afterwards did I realise there was a crowd of 200 people watching from a nearby boat. They all cheered when we'd finished."

Foreign fellas get creams for our crop

Less than two hours later she was having it again, this time on a table. "My friend and I had just finished our meal in the hotel when the waiter came across and handed us the dessert menu. We love eating ice cream, and it wasn't long before we were doing it on the table in full view of other diners".

Just

Jane, a sexy brunette from Birmingham, admitted feeling slightly guilty about her holiday diet of ice cream, ice cream and ice cream! "God knows what my fiancée will say when I get home. But right now I'm enjoying myself so much I don't care!"



Having a splashing time! This pair of bouncing beauties are bathing in ice cream!

According to holiday reps more and more girls are going abroad with only one thing in mind. Ice cream. "Girls who wouldn't normally dream of having it at home are coming over

Mandy's mile high Mivi!

One greedy girl we spoke to boasted being a member of the exclusive mile high club.

Cheryl, a stunning blonde from Essex, told us how she'd had a bit on the plane. "I was hot and sticky sitting in my seat. I asked the stewardess if I could go for a walk. As I passed the cabin door I noticed the captain had a strawberry Mivi ice lolly. It was very hot, and it was starting to drip onto his trousers."

"I asked him if it would help if I sucked it for him. He knew I was hot and I was desperate to have it in my mouth. He held it in his hand and I licked the end. It was all soft and pink and juicy. After a couple of strokes with my warm tongue it came off. I couldn't get it all in my mouth. There was cream everywhere".

WANT TO STOP BEING GULLIBLE?



Mr. B. Essex

Find out How
Send £4000 to Box 6, Wakefield

Health problems? Money worries?

Solve the Lot!

with a Genuine MAGIC

Wishing Well

Approx. height from ground 4ft



Simply throw in a coin, close your eyes and make a wish. Then, let the pixies do the rest! It's as simple as that!

Thousands of satisfied customers Mr. B. Essex

Mr. R. London

"I closed my eyes, threw in 10p and wished for a million pounds. Next day I got a million pounds!"

"My wishing well is worth its weight in gold. All my dreams come true. It never fails. I am the happiest man in the world!"

All wishes will come true or YOUR MONEY BACK!

We buy DIRECT from fairyland so our prices are UNBEATABLE

*Send £250. When your well arrives, just wish for the £250 back. Simple!

Magic Wells Ltd. Box. 8 Leeds.

MINIATURE ELECTRIC SHEDS FREE!
From £460
NEW
Box 33 Leeds

Saucy soar-away fun seekers go cone crazy in the sun!

Melt in the mouth: This larking lovely gets more than a mouthful from one friendly fella!



Top Ten

Here's the fave flavours among red hot ravers currently gagging for it in the saucy Spanish resort of Magaluf. Make a note fellas, and try giving your bird something fruity this summer.

- 1 Strawberry
- 2 Chocolate
- 3 Tutti Frutti
- 4 Banana
- 5 Toffee fudge
- 6 Orange
- 7 Tutti Frutti
- 8 Chocolate
- 9 Coffee
- 10 Tutti Frutti

YOU TELL US

Have you had ice cream in the sun? We want to hear about your loveliest lolly, or your naughtiest '99'. Give us a call on...

07191 - 2321 2468

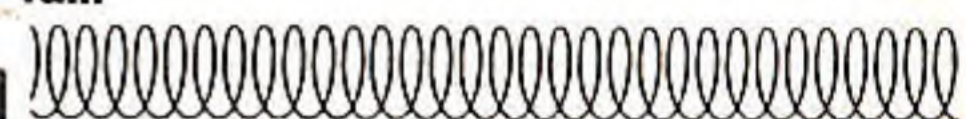
Don't worry about the cost - this isn't a real telephone number.

FREE ice cream!



**1
ICE
CREAM**

Fellas. Give your bird one from us! We're giving away a free ice cream to every reader! To claim your free ice cream simply present this voucher at your nearest ice cream van.



One ice cream



To the Reader: Present this voucher to the ice cream man (preferably towards the end of the day when he's started slopping out). Smile nicely at him.

To the Ice Cream Man: This bloke is desperate for a shag and he reckons it will help if he gives his bird an ice cream. He's a bit hard up. Is there any chance you could spare him a little ice cream? If so, thanks. If not, just tell him to piss off.

Telly aids AIDS research

Scientists researching the HIV virus have made an astonishing breakthrough in their fight against AIDS - by watching the telly.

While millions has been spent on scientific research, doctors believe a new strain of the disease has been identified on the box.

Acting

'Theatrical HIV' as scientists know it appears to be confined to the acting community. Victims so far have included Todd Carty, star of EastEnders, and American actor Tom Hanks.

April

Hanks was confirmed as HIV positive in the film 'Philadelphia', but later amazed doctors by bouncing back to health and winning an Oscar live on TV for his part in the film 'Forest Gump'. Carty was diagnosed as HIV positive in EastEnders several years ago, but he appears to have responded to a course of theatrical AIDS tablets prescribed by Dr Legg at his Walford surgery.

Strawberry

Researchers believe that unlike the more common strain, theatrical HIV is transmitted by scripts and storylines, and can attack actors at any time. It is however especially prevalent on soap operas with suppressed audience levels. Male symptoms include broodiness, and

Stars may help find a cure

long, awkward scenes trying to put off women who want to go to bed with you. Actors can also suffer from frequent minor colds which then go away all of a sudden..

Gathering winter

Any actor who suspects they may have theatrical HIV should consult their director or producer as soon as possible. Mean-



Tom Hanks yesterday.

while, Sun TV critic and voice of the people Gary Bushell yesterday put the outbreak of theatrical HIV down to too many poofs on the telly. "You've got to watch your arse these days, and no mistake", said the big necked bearded homophobe last night.

TRADESMEN! Remember CASH IS TAX FREE



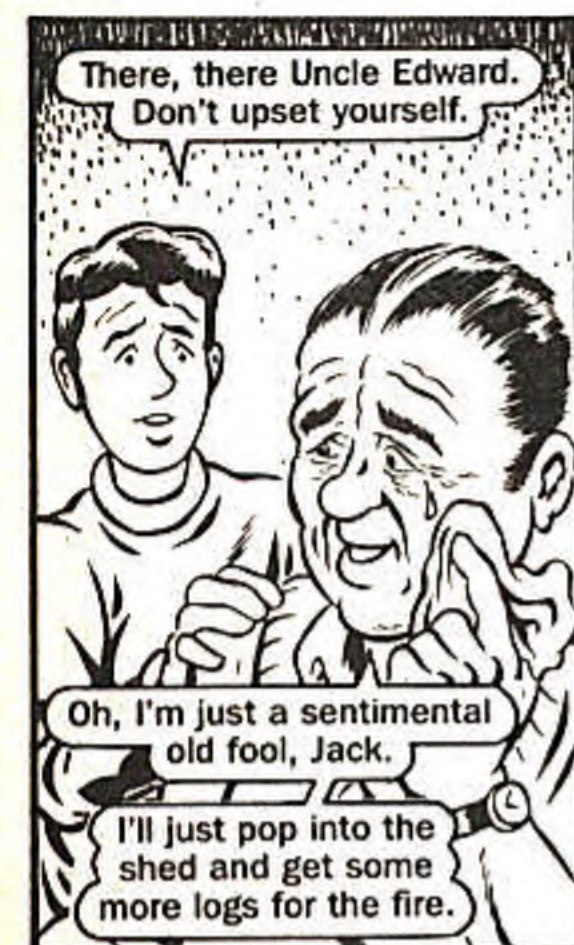
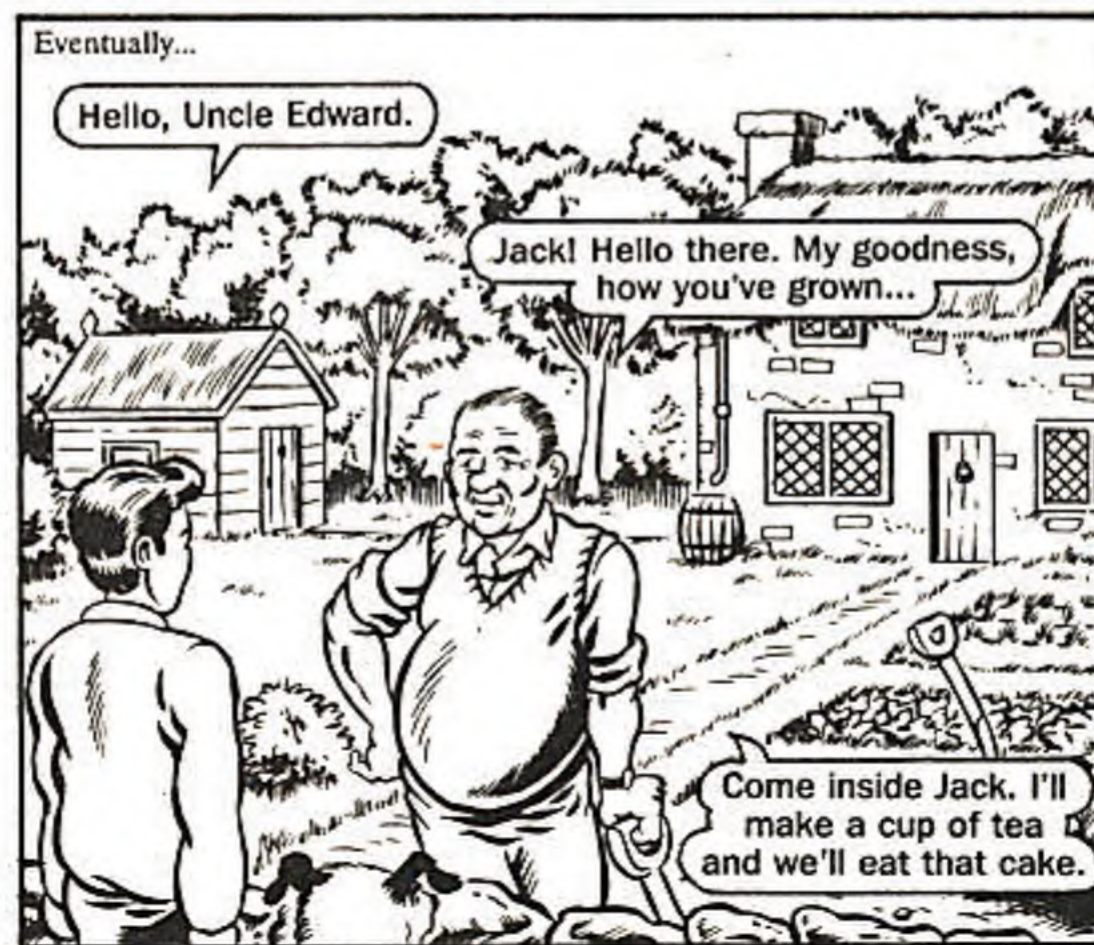
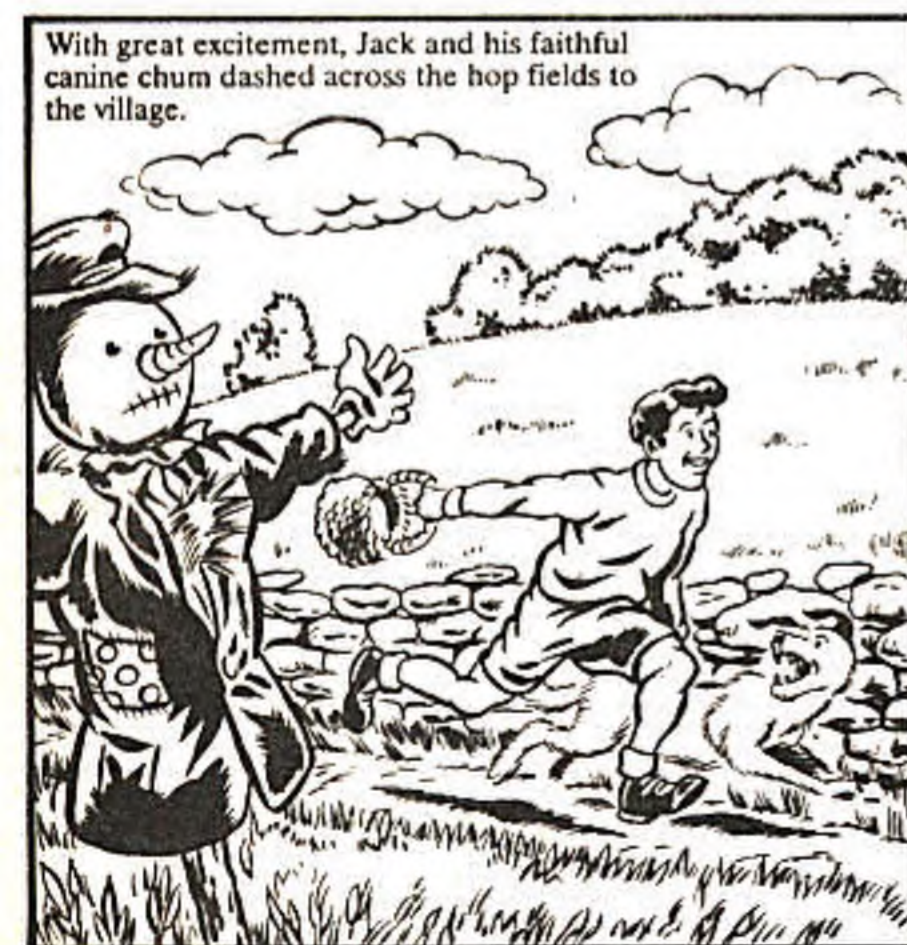
"That's right. Make sure you always get the readies in your back pocket. And you can forget about the VAT too, between you, me and the gatepost."

Issued by the Plumbers, General Builders, Decorators and Odd-Job-Men's Association of Great Britain, in the interests of increased profits and simplified accounting.

Jack Black

in...

Uncle Edward's Secret



Eventually, Jack regained his composure.

Ah there you are Jack.
You were a long time.

Yes...er...look,
we've got to go.
We're late.

Come on
Silver.

Well, thank you for coming, Jack.
You'll visit me again, won't you.

Run, Silver.
Quick.

Jack and Silver did pay another visit.
That night. But not to see
Uncle Edward.

Shhh,
Silver.

Jack knew Uncle Edward was up to no
good, and armed with a box brownie
camera and ball of twine, he set a trap
and lay in wait...

...but they didn't have to wait long.

Look, there he goes...
the filthy beast.

CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK!

The next day, Jack and Silver went
early to see Mr Gates, Editor of
the local newspaper.

UPPER SALKELD
GAZETTE
&
ADVERTISER

Hello, Jack
Black and your
dog Silver.
What can I
do for you?

Well, Mr Gates. It's more
what I can do for you.
I think you'll find the
pictures on this film
quite interesting.

Later that day, the newspapers hit the streets.

Extra! Extra! Read all about it. Uncle
Edward caught tossing off in shed.

UNCLE
EDWARD IN
SHED
MASTURBATION
SHAME
- PICTURES

Well done Jack. Excellent detective work. I'm just off to
arrest the old pervert now if you'd like to come along.

Cor! Yes
please!

PC Brown needed the element
of surprise.

But...

Gosh! He's
hung himself.
How exciting.

Yes, Jack. He obviously couldn't live
with the shame. Perhaps he knew what
they do to sex offenders in prison.

Poor Uncle
Edward.

When the body had been removed Jack took PC Brown to
the shed to show him where Uncle Edward kept his books.

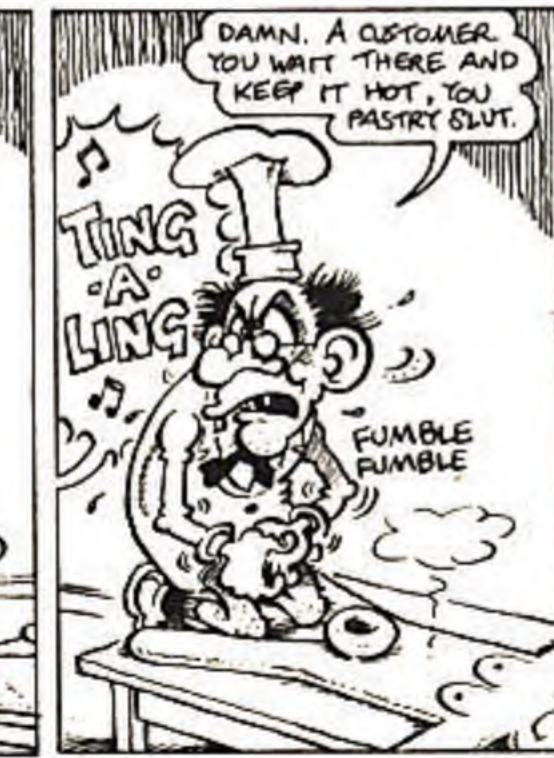
What are you going
to do with the
books, PC Brown?

Oh, don't worry Jack. I'll er...
take them to the station.
Me and the boys will... er...
ahem... dispose of them.

FRU T. BUNN

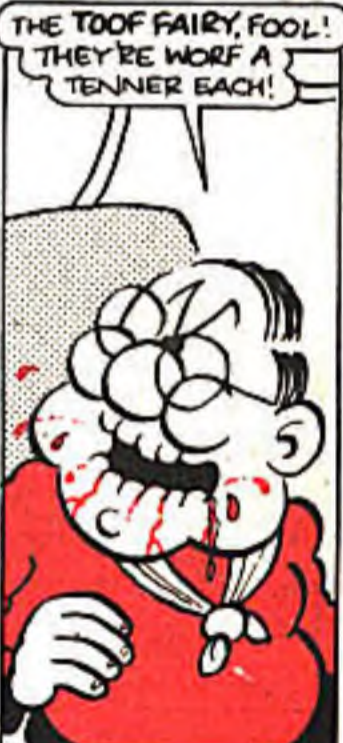
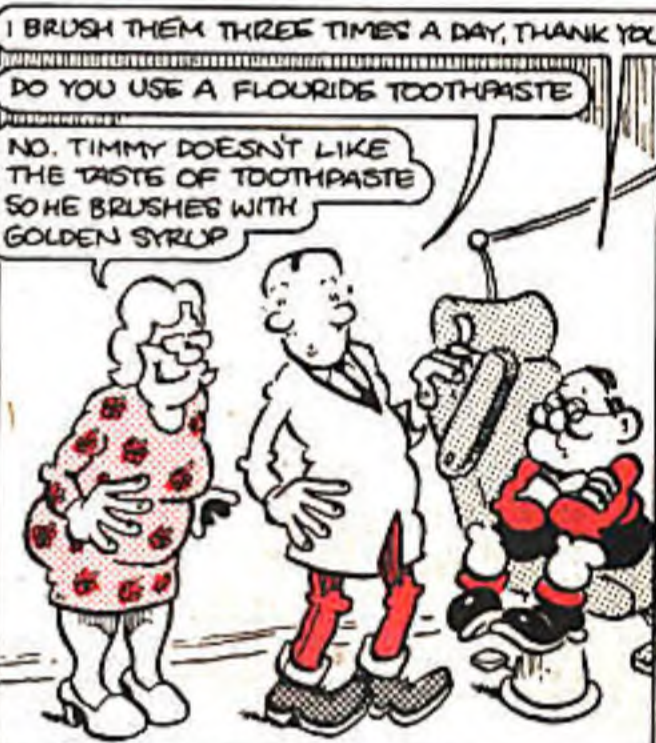
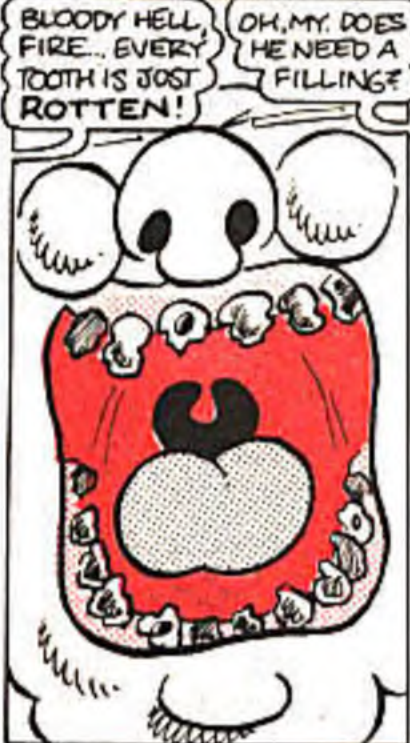
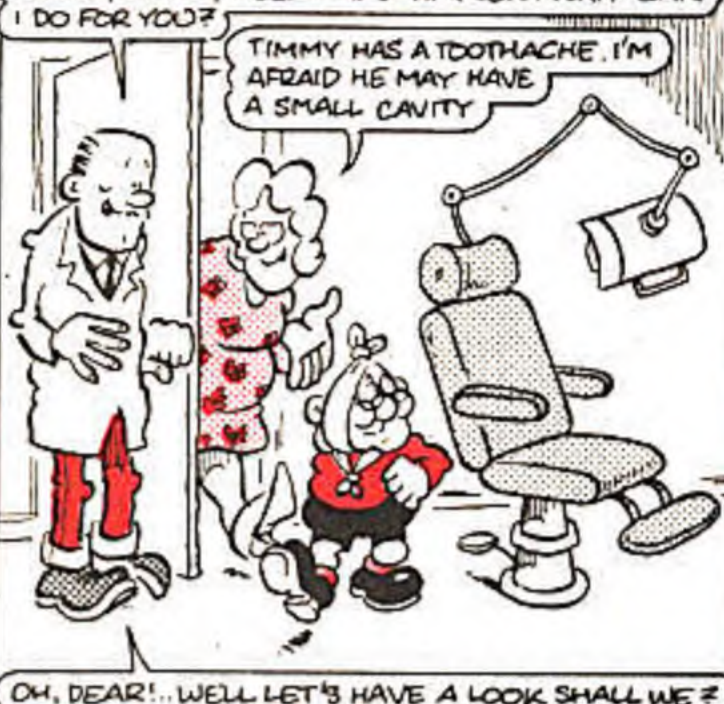
the MASTER BAKER

and his GINGERBREAD SEX DOLL





20 MINUTES LATER...



ROGER IRRELEVANT



ROGER AND HIS FAMILY ARE OFF ON HOLIDAY TO THE SEASIDE.

THIS TRAIN WILL SHORTLY BE ARRIVING AT BRIGHTPOOL-UPON-FACCES

THAT'S OUR STOP BUT WHERE HAS ROGER GOT TO?

EXCUSE ME, BUT YOUR SON APPEARS TO BE BREASTFEEDING MY SUITCASES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AISLE

CHOH!

HUSH, MY WEE ONES, DO NOT CRY

ROGER!

FEAST UPON YOUR MAMA'S BOUNTIFUL TEAT

PUT THE GENTLEMAN'S LUGGAGE DOWN. WE'RE AT THE SEASIDE AND IT'S TIME TO GET OFF THE TRAIN

NO! YOU CAN'T COME BETWEEN ME AND MY BABIES. THEY'RE ALL I HAVE IN THE WORLD!

EVENUALLY I'M SURE ROGER WILL BE MUCH BETTER AFTER HE'S TAKEN IN A BIT OF SEA AIR



MUSTARD GAS WOULD BE PREFERABLE

SHORTLY, AT THE BED & BREAKFAST

WELCOME TO FACCES-VIEW GUESTHOUSE I TRUST YOUR STAY WILL BE PLEASANT.

FACCES-VIEW GUESTHOUSE
NO SMOKING
NO WHISTLING
NO FORNICATION
NO FOREIGNERS
STRICTLY NO D.S.S.
ABEIT MACHT FREI

I'M SURE IT WILL BE, MRS VENONSPITTER.

HERE ARE THE KEYS TO YOUR ROOMS...

...IS THE CORRECT ANSWER FOR TWO POINTS!

AND AT THE END OF THAT FINAL ROUND WE CAN SEE THAT YOU'VE WON TONIGHTS STAR PRIZE OF A FABULOUS SKIING HOLIDAY FOR TWO IN LESLIE CROWTHER'S DIGESTIVE TRACT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, A BIG ROUND OF APPLAUSE FOR COLIN!

Z'GROFFT



WIBBLE VARTCH

... BREAKFAST IS 7:30 TILL 8 AND THE BATHROOM IS AT THE END OF THE HALL



AND I LOCK THE FRONT DOOR AT 11:30 PM

LATER, ON THE BEACH

OH LOOK, THAT'S NICE.



YOUR SISTER HAS MADE A NEW FRIEND ALREADY

(BLUSH) MAY I BUY YOU AN ICE CREAM, ROBERTA?



IF YOU LIKE NIGEL

GIGGLE

HERE YOU ARE ROBERTA. I GOT YOU A 99 WITH TWO FLAKES, BECAUSE I LIKE YOU VERY MU-?



GLIBBIT

?!

YOU'VE GOT TO TRUST ME, DOREEN! TOGETHER WE CAN SOLVE THIS PROBLEM



TOGETHER WE CAN HELP YOU OVERCOME YOUR OTTER-LICKING ADDICTION

GAZEEGA GAZEEGA



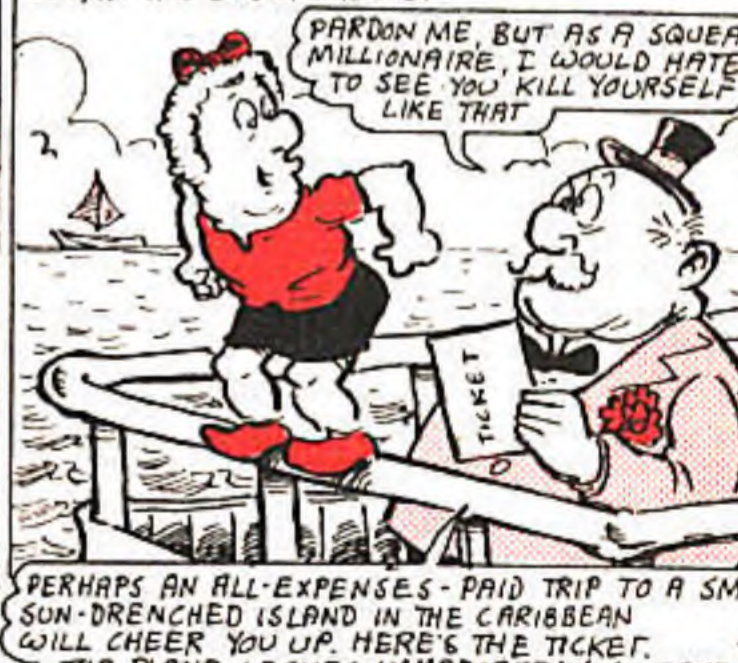
I'M SCARED. I'M GOING HOME.

THAT'S JUST WONDERFUL. MY BLOSSOMING HOLIDAY ROMANCE HAS BEEN SHOT TO BUGGERY BY ROGER'S STUPIDITY



I'M OFF TO THROW MYSELF OFF THE END OF THE PIER

BUT, AT THE END OF THE PIER



PARDON ME, BUT AS A SQUEAMISH MILLIONAIRE, I WOULD HATE TO SEE YOU KILL YOURSELF LIKE THAT

PERHAPS AN ALL-EXPENSES-PAID TRIP TO A SMALL SUN-DRENCHED ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN WILL CHEER YOU UP. HERE'S THE TICKET. THE PLANE LEAVES IMMEDIATELY. GOODBYE.

SO, A FEW HOURS LATER ON A CARIBBEAN ISLAND -

AH, BLISS! I'VE GOT ONE WHOLE WEEK IN THIS TROPICAL PARADISE, AWAY FROM ROGER



SEVEN DAYS OF SUN, SEA, SAND AND SANITY

YOU'VE ARRIVED HERE AT THE IDEAL TIME, MISS. OUR ANNUAL CELEBRATORY WEEK-LONG CARNIVAL BEGINS TODAY



IT'S CALLED THE FESTIVAL OF ERRATICA

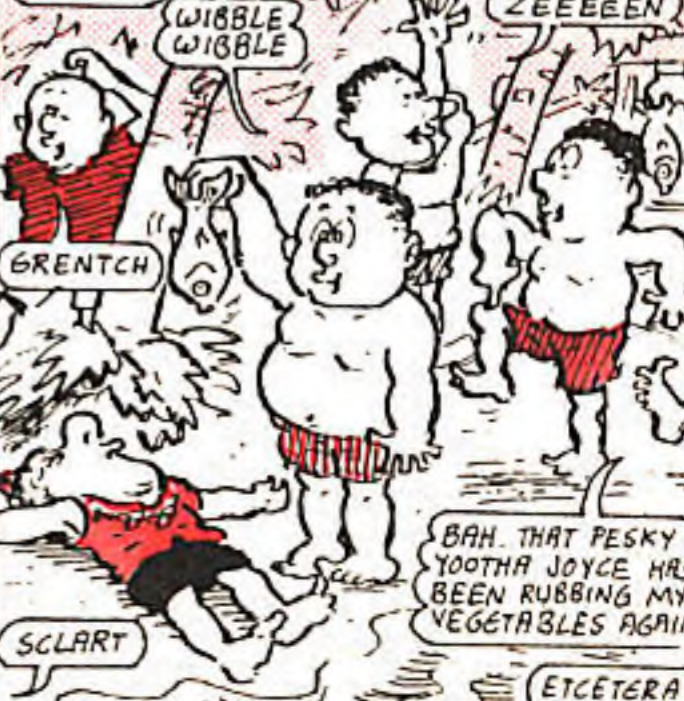
"THE FESTIVAL OF ERRATICA"?

YES. FOR A FULL WEEK EVERYONE ON THE ISLAND BEHAVES IN A TOTALLY ERRATIC AND INCOMPREHENSIBLE MANNER



AND THE FESTIVAL IS DUE TO START... ANY... MINUTE...

NOW!



GRENTCH

SGLART

BAH. THAT PESKY YOOOHA JOYCE HAS BEEN RUBBING MY VEGETABLES AGAIN

ETCETERA



Sun, fun, action and adventure in the North East of England

Whitley BAYWATCH

The seaside town of Whitley Bay was buzzing. Glasgow shipyard fortnight had arrived, and the wind drenched beaches were crowded with holiday makers. Keeping watch over them were the brave men and woman of the Whitley Bay lifeguard. David Heseletine, Kyle Marie Anderton and Kirk Newton were on patrol as usual. Their job quite simple: To save lives.

A regular on the beach was young Jake Westley, a school kid who spent most of his days playing truant and building castles in the sand.

Orphan Jake had become a loner since his parents were killed in a freak crazy golfing accident 2 years ago.

Suddenly...

No! My sand castle!!

You can't build that here, you good for nothing beach bum! Now clear off!!

Hold it right there big fella. We don't want no trouble on the beach

He trod on my castle! He's broken it... look!

Is this true? Did you trod on this boy's castle?

He's not a boy, he's a BUM! A good for nothing bone idle beach bum!

But soon there won't be any beach left to *bum* around on! I'm evil property developer Max Hansen...

...and THAT is the new chemical plant I'm building right in the middle of your miserable beach!

When it's finished, tomorrow afternoon, millions of gallons of foul chemical waste will spill out onto the sand...

... and the water will turn to acid and stink like rancid piss! So you can take your shovels and spades and clear off! And good bloody riddance to the lot of you!

Crikey David, that chemical plant sure sounds like bad news, huh? We'd better go and tell Kirk

Yeah... but first we've just got time for a quick rescue!

Quick David! Over there, in the water. That girl's in trouble!

David instinctively dashed towards the drowning girl. Without a thought for his own safety he leapt into the crashing waves to make a dramatic rescue.

Aaagh! Help me! I can't swim!

Try to hold on! I'm coming to get you!

It's okay now lady. You're in the hands of the Whitley Baywatch

Minutes later David and Kyle Marie met up with fellow Baywatch member Kirk Newton. Kirk was high above the prom, keeping watch over the crowded beach below.

Hey! Good rescue you guys!

You just got to her in the nick of time David. Well done

Thanks Kirk. But Kyle Marie and I were only doing our jobs

Kirk was brought up to date with the plot so far.



So if we don't stop this chemical works, the whole beach will have to close

According to Hansen it will be finished tomorrow afternoon. That doesn't give us much time. What can we do?

I know! Maybe we could hold a jumble sale... in the lighthouse... or something



Suddenly Kirk's eagle eyes were drawn to something down below.

Hold it there you guys. Someone's in trouble!



Kirk had spotted a young girl trapped in the sand below.



Help! Help! I'm buried in the sand

Her friends must have buried her and forgot to dig her out. The tide's moving fast. If we don't get her out pretty quick she's gonna drown!



We need a spade and we need one fast!

The Rendezvous Cafe sell buckets and spades. It's our only hope.

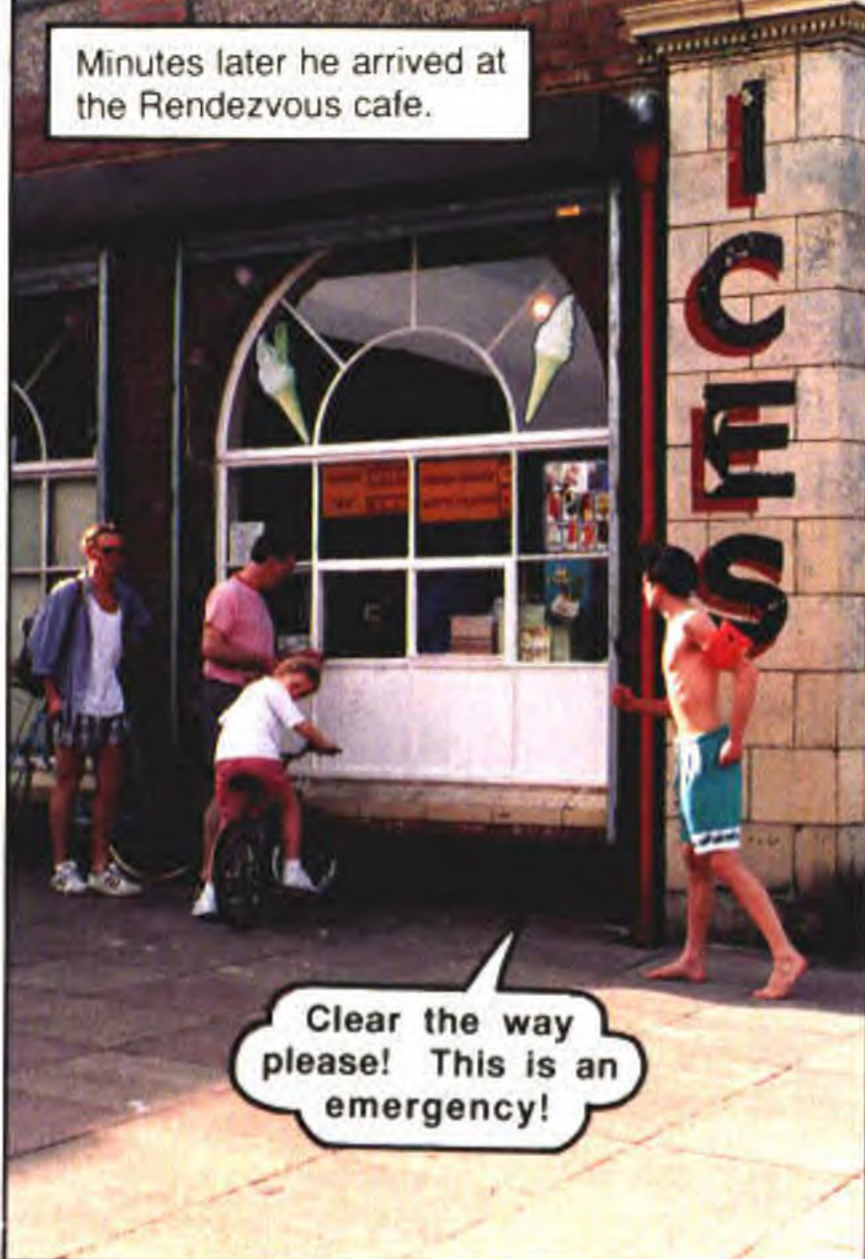


I'll try to get there as quick as I can!

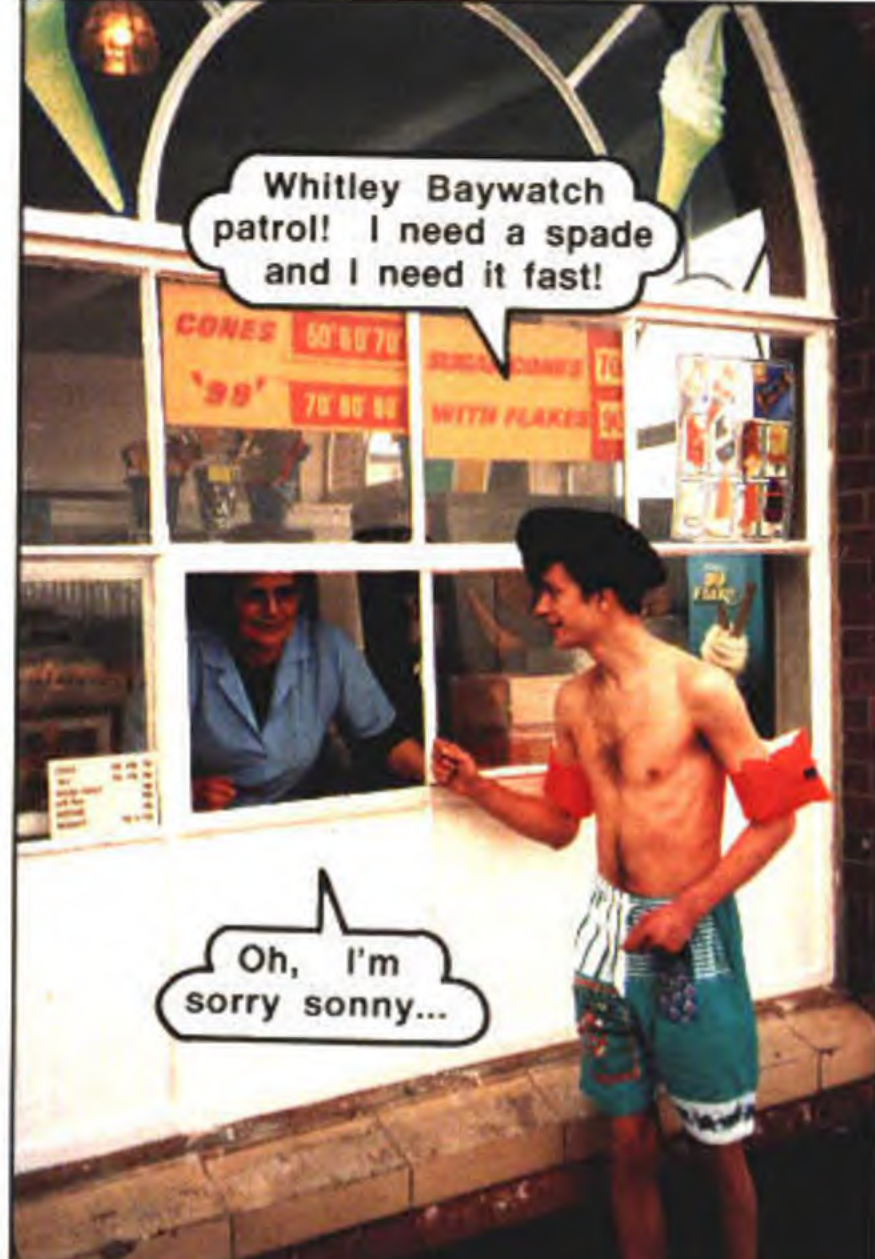
The Baywatch team were in peak physical condition. And David needed to be as he hurtled like lightening along the prom.



Minutes later he arrived at the Rendezvous cafe.



Whitley Baywatch patrol! I need a spade and I need it fast!



I just sold the last spade... to that young boy over there



David recognised the boy. It was the young orphan Jake.

Hi there Jake. Can I borrow your spade?

No. It's mine. You can't have it



I guess you're kinda sad cos your folks died, huh Jake?

Leave me alone. I just wanna build sand castles, that's all



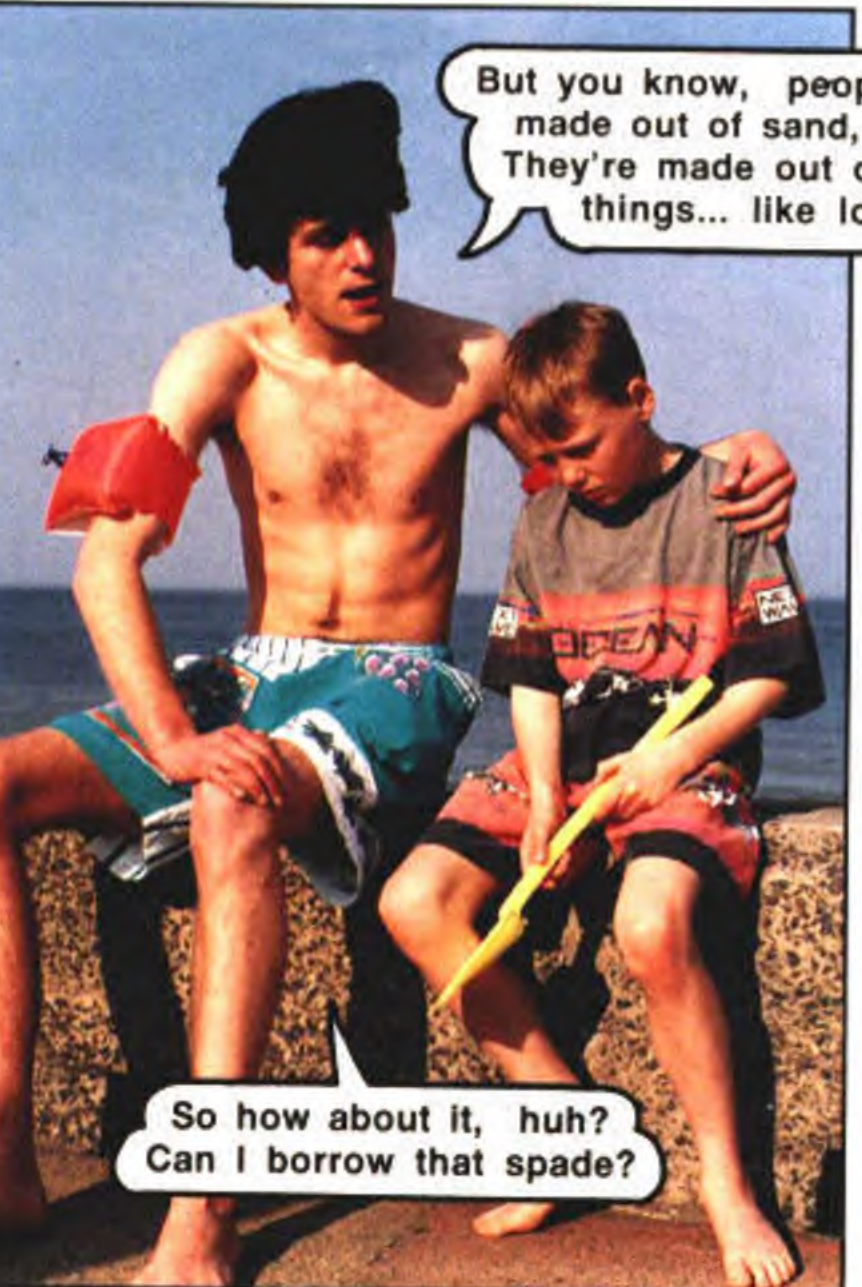
People are like sand castles Jake. I guess your ma and pa were a very special castle...

...then one day the tide came in, and washed them away



But you know, people aren't made out of sand, Jake. They're made out of other things... like love.

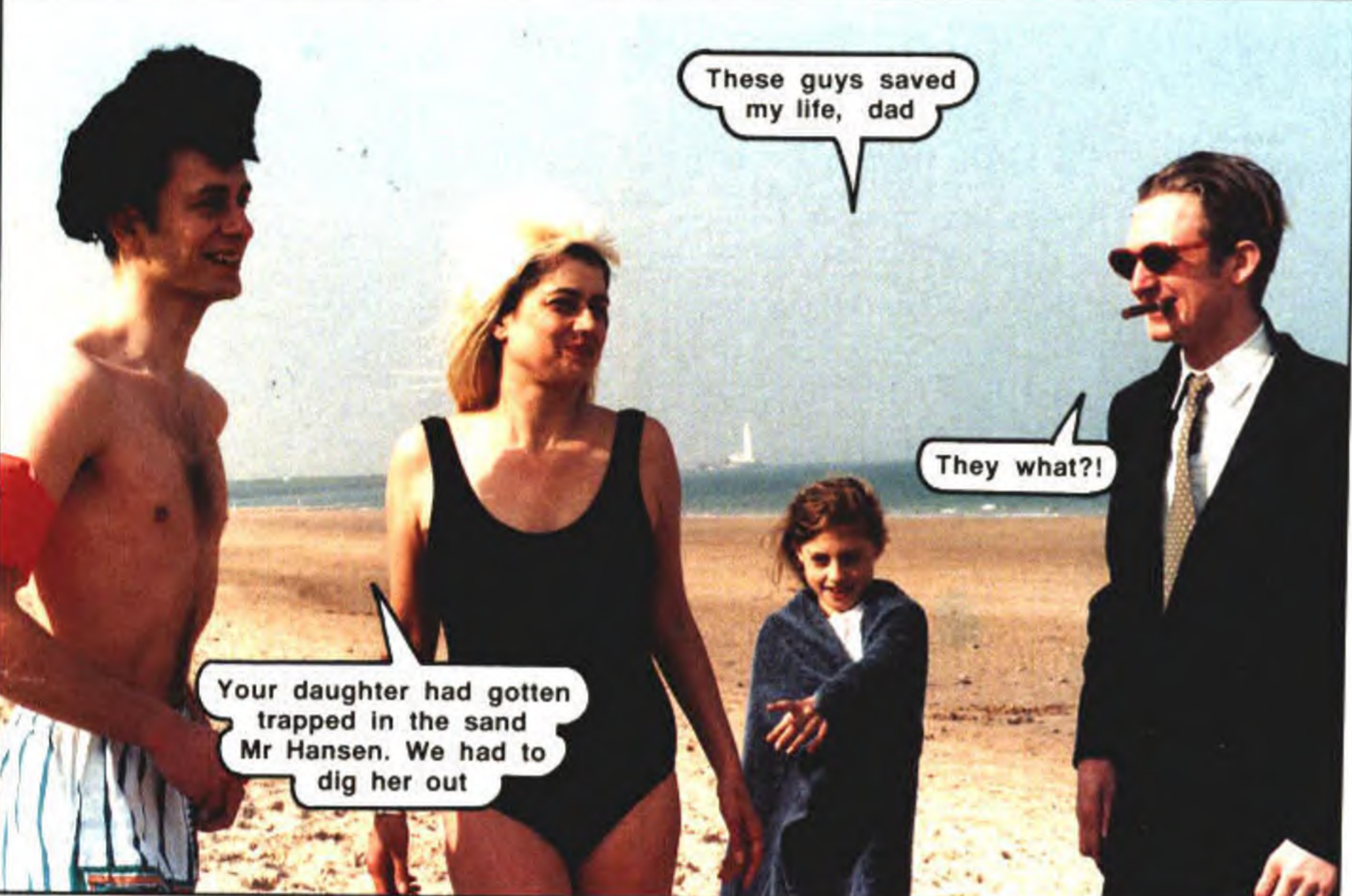
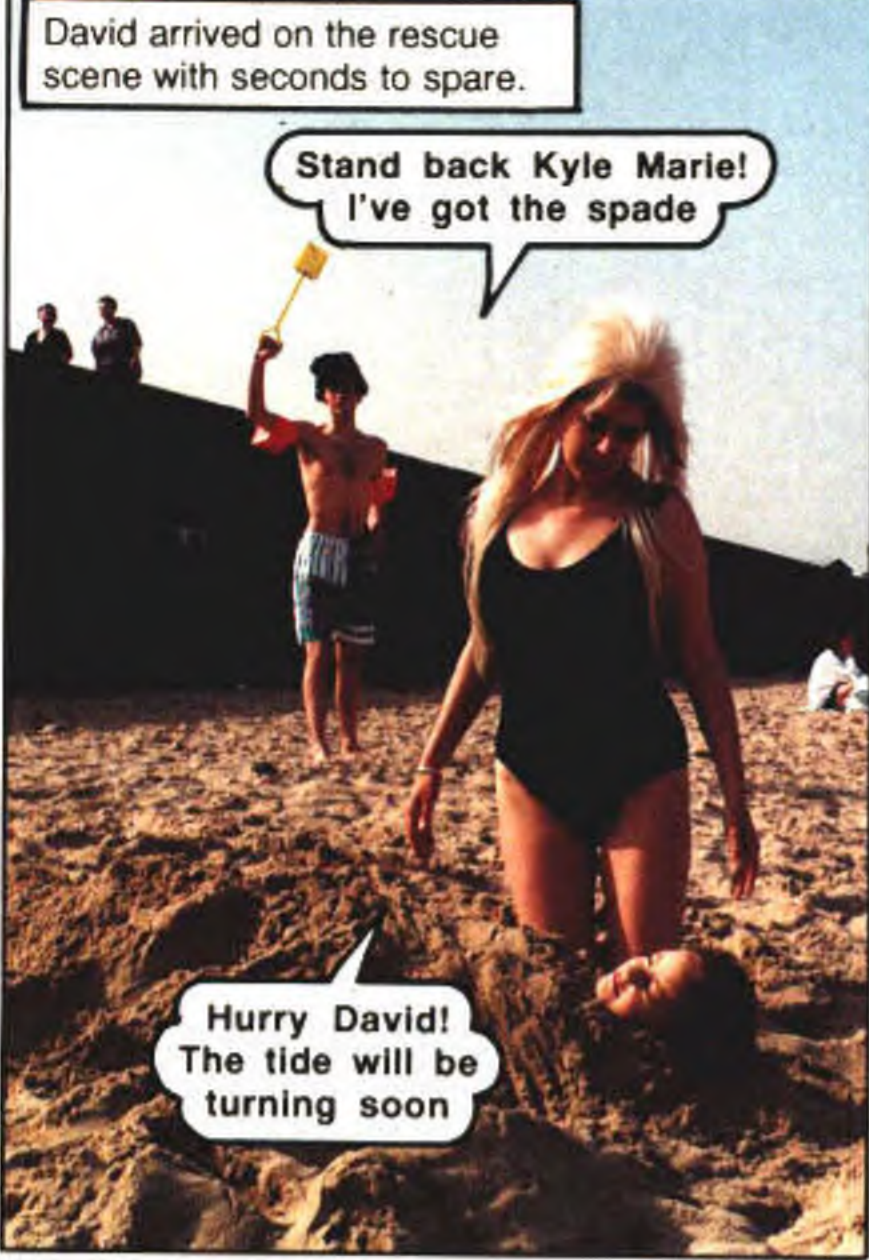
So how about it, huh? Can I borrow that spade?



Okay mister. I guess you're right. Here.. you can borrow it

Thanks Jake! You're a hell of a guy

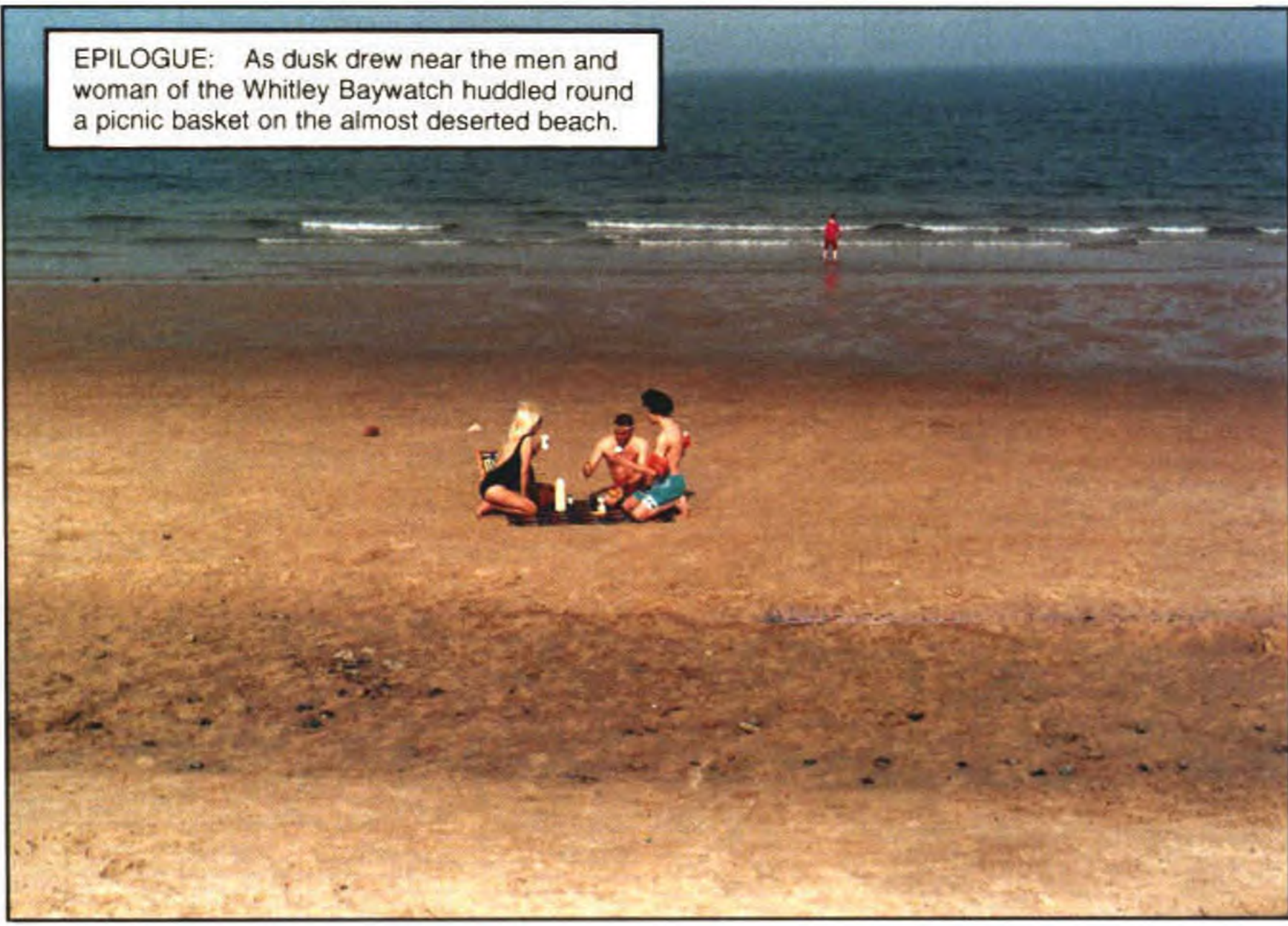






Hey! Seeing as its a happy ending, let's have a barby!

There's no fires allowed on the beach actually, Kyle Marie. But we could have a picnic



EPILOGUE: As dusk drew near the men and woman of the Whitley Baywatch huddled round a picnic basket on the almost deserted beach.



So David, what became of Max Hansen's chemical works plan?

Good news Kyle Marie. He changed his mind and decided to build a home for beach orphans instead



QUALITY CONTROL
Lift & Peel
ADVISE LABEL

Great! So I guess young Jake will be living there from now on



No Kyle Marie. Jake won't be living there...



Max was so grateful to him he decided to adopt young Jake. Now Jake has a new pa, and a little sister to play with

Gee, that's swell David



Whooh! Hey! Alright!!

Yeah! Whooh! Al-right!!

Okay! Alright! Whooh! Yeah! etc. etc.

The End



'Tragic Memories'

Classic Collectables

TOP QUALITY DIE CAST MODELS

Special
SOUVENIR OFFER

Tragic Memories present a unique opportunity to invest in the pleasure of acquiring three highly collectible classic model cars. Genuine 'vintage' quality toys manufactured for the collector's market, each model represents a shrewd financial investment, and a fitting tribute to a legend who died behind the wheel.

The James Dean 1955 Porsche Spyder

'Too fast to live, too young to die'. So sang The Eagles in memory of the late James Dean. Now you can offer your very own tribute by simply owning this handsome model. The hero of a generation, James Dean lived life in the fast lane, and died there; at Paso Robles, California, on 30th September 1955. But his memory lives on in the form of this magnificent collector's edition model. Yours to cherish for all time.



FREE
Marc Bolan tree
when you
buy all 3!



The Marc Bolan 1977 Mini 1275GT

When Marc Bolan died he left behind a legacy of hits, and a legion of loving fans. Now you can celebrate his life, and commemorate his tragic death, with this beautiful hand painted scale model. Authentic in every detail, it captures the sadness of that fateful day in September 1977 when Marc's Mini collided with a tree; and the original child of the revolution rode a white swan all the way to pop heaven.



The Eddie Cochran 1960 Ford Zephyr

When his car failed to take a bend at Chippenham, Wiltshire, on 18th April 1960, Eddie Cochran skidded off the road of life and into the lamppost of oblivion. His one tragic step to heaven is recorded here for posterity in the form of a nostalgic, lovingly detailed scale model. Fans of his music and toy collectors alike will marvel at the quality of craftsmanship which make this model so very special - 'just like Eddie'.

How To Order

To become the owner of this beautiful investment quality genuine 'vintage' collectors model car set, simply fill in the order form and enclose a cheque or Postal Order payable to 'Tragic Memories Ltd.' Purchase all three models and we will enclose, free of charge, an authentic Marc Bolan scale model tree to accompany the Mini 1275GT.

Send your orders to: **Tragic Memories Collectible Classics**, Limited Edition House, Heirloom Quality Road, Souvenir Offer Trading Estate, Dudley, West Midlands.

* To protect the value of your investment we recommend that the models be kept in their original boxes at all times.

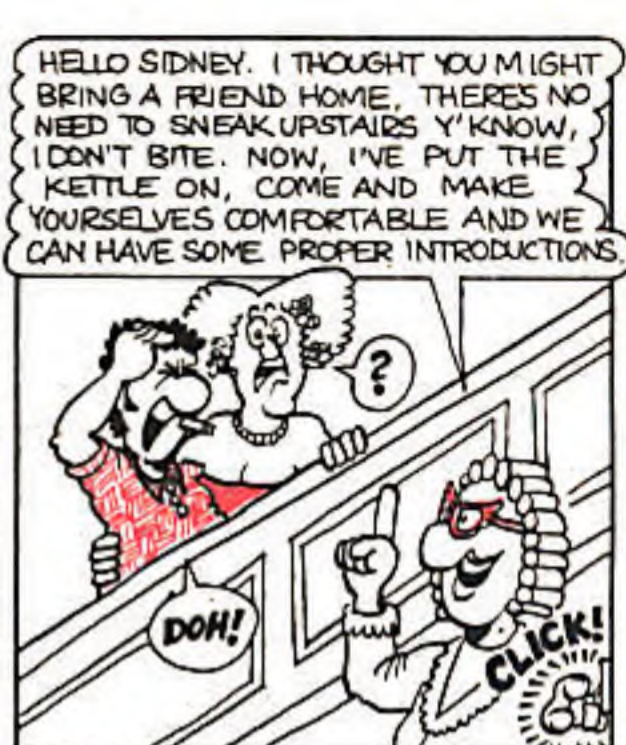
All three models for just £499.95* EACH

Yes, I would like to invest in classic collectors cars. Please send me these three high quality die cast models. I enclose a cheque for £200 (including VAT, post and packaging) which I believe to be money well spent. What I fail to realise is that if I maintain them in mint condition, and in their original boxes, in the highly unlikely event of them eventually becoming antiques they will even then be worth only half of what I'm paying for them today.

Name..... Address

Your bank account No..... Sorting code.....

☐ From time to time we may wish to debit your bank account. Tick here in vain if you would prefer us not to do so.





X-TERMINATE!

Fanny a'had

TWENTY firemen fought for two hours yesterday to extinguish a fire in Catherine Zeta Jones' fanny. The fire, thought to have been caused by a discarded cigarette, was eventually brought under control after extra fire fighting appliances were called in to tackle the blaze.

Robbers raid tits

PROPERTY worth an estimated £400 has been stolen during a raid on TV weather girl Suzanne Charlton's tits. The raid was the fourth break in at Charlton's tits this year.

£20 arse damage

A VANDAL who attacked an arse belonging to TV Lovejoy actor Ian McShane caused damage estimated at £20, Sudbury magistrates were told yesterday.

The bumhole, which had been left unattended outside the actor's home, was allegedly kicked and suffered bruising and scrapes.

William Patterson, 21, an unemployed painter and decorator from the town had denied kicking the arse down the street, claiming that he had tripped on it accidentally while drunk. However he was found guilty, fined £200 and ordered to pay £20 damages.

Old fart

A FART thought to have been dropped by Queen Victoria could fetch over £100,000 when it is auctioned at Sothebys later this month.

The fart, which is thought to have been emitted over 100 years ago, was accidentally uncovered by staff puffing up an old cushion at Balmoral earlier this year.

The previous record sale price for a fart was £27,000 paid by a Japanese collector for a chuff emitted by the late Charlie Chaplin. It was discovered trapped in a small air pocket by decorators stripping old wallpaper at his former residence in Switzerland.

The letter 'x' could soon be facing eXtinction if Brussels bureaucrats get their way.

For Euro spelling chiefs have decided to cut the alphabet to 25 letters to bring it in line with decimal currency. And its 'x' which seems certain to face the aXe.

Axing 'x' could save Europe up to £200 billion as a result of smaller typewriters. However alphabet bosses are undecided as to how it should be replaced. Words with 'x' in them like 'box' and 'expect' would have to be respelled, and the cost could run into millions.

Pixie

The most likely replacement for 'x' would appear to be the letters 'cks', producing much the same sound. The word 'pixie' could then be respelled 'picksie' and so on. However replacing one letter with three could cost Europe over £7 billion in extra ink alone.

'X' in alphabet reshuffle

French boffins have put forward their own plan, claiming that the letters 'sque' would be an adequate replacement. But a switch from 'x' to 'sque' would pose enormous problems. Words like 'sex' would then become 'sesque' - too much of a mouthful for the British who are still having trouble with croissant.

Space

One of the worst affected areas would be in the game of Scrabble. It would cost manufacturers Waddingtons over £400 million a week to replace the single 'x' in every game of Scrabble sold with an extra 'c', 'k' and 's'. To add to the problem the 3 replacement letters would score 12 points, compared to the existing 'x' score of just 8.

Alarm bells were also ringing at Littlewoods Pools yesterday. A spokesman admitted that even people with very small writing indeed couldn't get three letters into the tiny squares on pools coupons. "Making the squares bigger would cost us over £5 billion a year", a spokesman told us. "And it would be virtually impossible to Cross the Ball with a 'cks'. Not that its possible with an 'x'", he added.

House

But a Government spokesman was yesterday keen to play down the potential problems of the move. "Dropping the letter 'x' will save money and bring letters more in line with money. By the year 2000 the date will be divis-



Ruel Fox inside the 18 yard box.

ible by the number of letters in the alphabet, and money will be the same as well. And that has got to be good for Britain". He refused to be drawn on the question of whether some 'x's would be retained for use in multiplication.

20 EXCITING THINGS YOU NEVER KNEWED ABOUT X

We use it for sex, we use it for sums, we can even use it to mark the spot. Our Alphabet Correspondent Chaka Khan has been eXamining a letter that's set to become eX-dictionary.

1 'X' was invented by the Romans, but not for use as a letter. They used it as a number, instead of 10.

2 It was introduced to Britain during the Thirteenth Century, probably arriving on a ships' clock.

3 Its first recorded use as a letter was during Saxon times, when cave men painted it on the wall to help them find their way out in the dark. Hence the word 'exit'.

4 'X' was once a letter fit for a king. Before Henry the Eighth came to the thrown male monarchs were called 'Rexes'.



King Henry VIII 355 years ago.

But Henry disliked the term, often complaining that it made him sound like a dog.

5 In 1640 Henry ordered every dog in the Rexdom to be beheaded, and ordered that the word

'King', which had previously been a kind of prawn; be used as a replacement for Rex.

6 Traditionally the letter 'x' is used to signify a kiss on greeting cards, along with 'o' which represents a cuddle, or a hug. (And 'SWALK' written on the back of the envelope means 'sealed with a kiss'. And 'HOLLAND' means 'hope out love lasts and never dies'.)

7 But if a pirate like Blue Beard or Little John Silver rote 'x' on a piece of paper he wouldn't be giving anyone a kiss. He'd be marking where the treasure was.

8 Until recently the symbol 'X' was used by film censors to indicate an

interesting film with either sex, violence or bad language in it.

9 However the symbol 'XXX' does not indicate all three. This denotes an overpriced video featuring blurred and out of focus pictures of women pretending to have sex with each other.



10 Whilst 'XXXX' is used to denote lager that tastes like piss.

Outrage over Outburst threat to Chalfont sufferers

Grapes of wrath!

An extremist haemorrhoid rights group is threatening to 'out' prominent pile sufferers if they fail to voluntarily make public their condition.

Several well known politicians, TV broadcasters and entertainers are believed to be on a 'hit list' of names compiled by the group 'Outburst' which claims to represent Britain's estimated 600,000 haemorrhoid sufferers.

Silent

The group's chairman Harold Hodgson last night piled the pressure on silent celebrity sufferers. "They should be glad to have grapes. We are not freaks or second class citizens. We're proud of our piles. Haemorrhoids are nothing to be ashamed of. Ten per cent of the population have got them. If we all stand up to be counted, the current atmosphere of haemophobia will die down".

Black

But critics of the radical group yesterday claimed Outburst's threat to publish the names of alleged sufferers would merely aggravate their problem. "Stress is a well known cause of this condition, and if sufferers fear they are about to be exposed, their piles will become larger, and even more uncomfortable", claimed Dr Eric Wolstenholme, the Government's official advisor on arse health.

So what exactly is BUM GRAPES?

BUM GRAPES have often been shrouded in ignorance, the subject of little understanding and much schoolboy humour. So we asked Dr Ivan Kurthoff, senior lecturer in Arse Medicine at the University of Keswick, to briefly explain the condition.

Ronnie

"A 'haemorrhoids', or Emma Freud as they are sometimes known, are a masses of swollen veins in the vicinity of the anus. This can be brought on by various factors, such as

pushing too hard on the lavatory, or by uphill gardening with a very large hoe. The prominent swollen veins and capillaries which vary in size from patient to patient are amusingly referred to as 'bum grapes'. Ointments or suppositories will remedy most cases.

Freyder

However more serious grape sufferers will have to go to hospital and stick their arse up in the air in front of loads of nurses while the doctor carries out an incredibly painful minor operation."

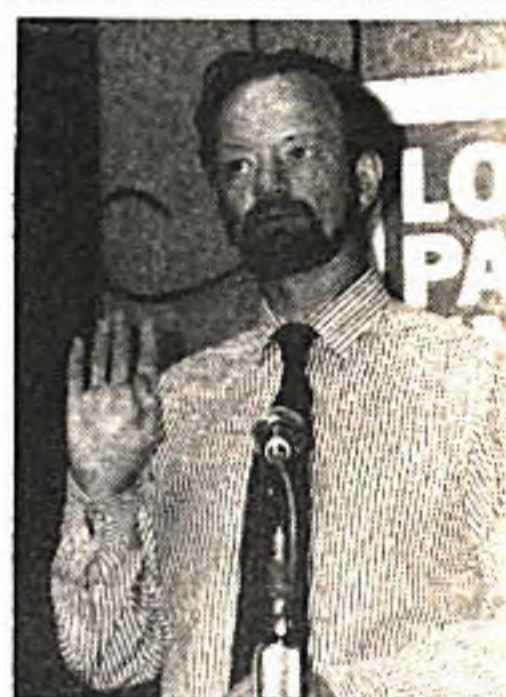
Stars with a secret

Many celebrities were today shitting their pants at the prospect of having their piles made public.

As a result many bum grapes may already have burst by the time Outburst get round to naming names. Whilst no-one has yet 'come out of the closet', it is widely rumoured in certain circles that at least two senior

Barron

Meanwhile 26 years ago the Bishop of Durham was unavailable for comment. "He's still in that public lavatory playing with a



Hands up if you've got piles.

farmer from Yorkshire's cock", a spokesman told us.

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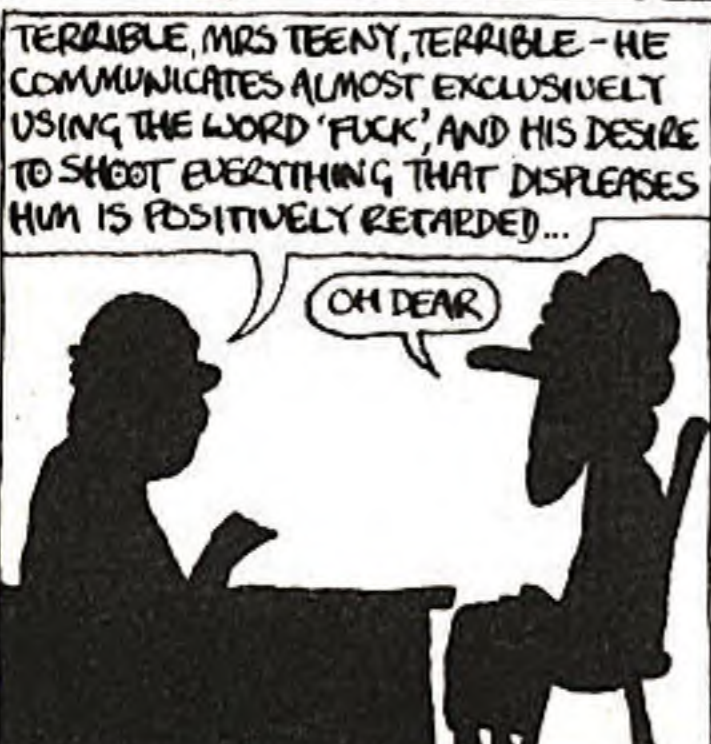
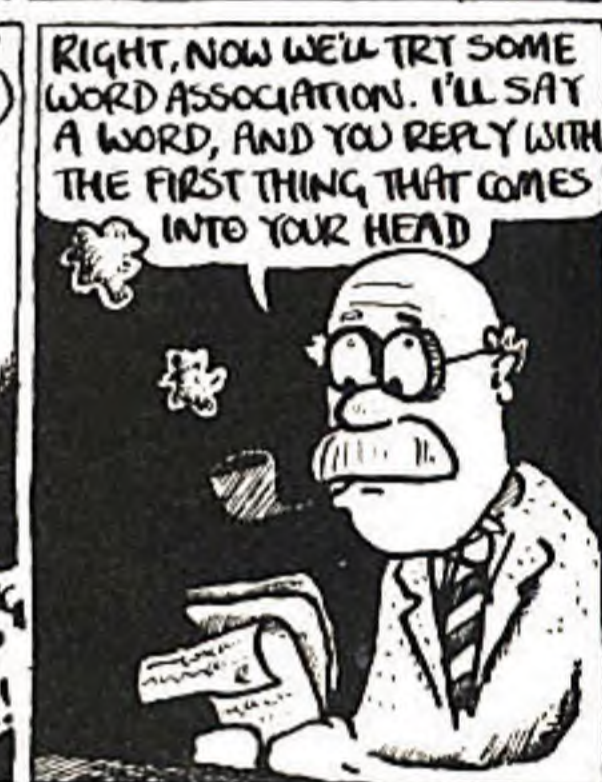
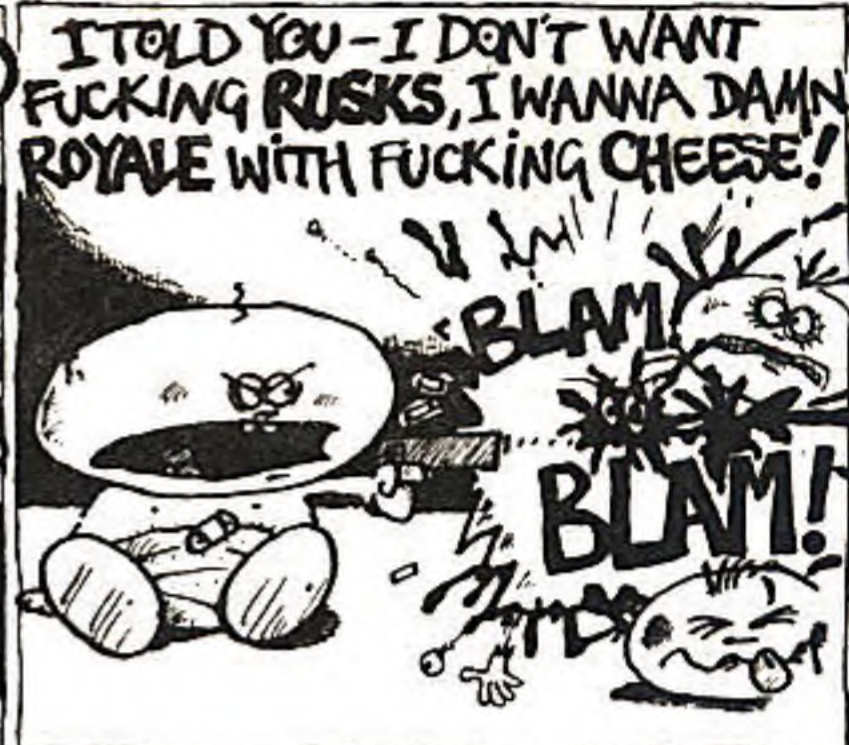
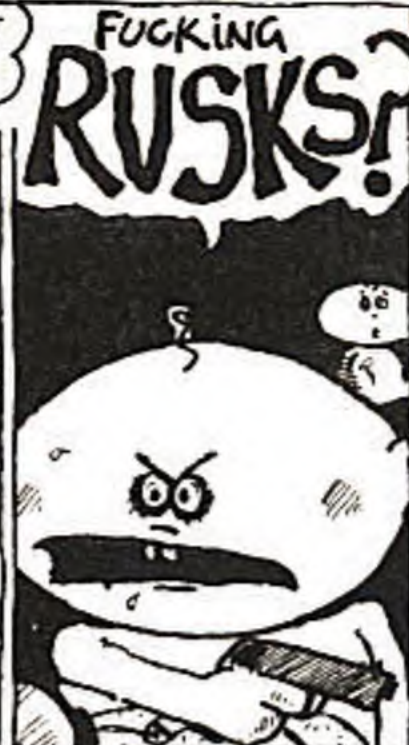
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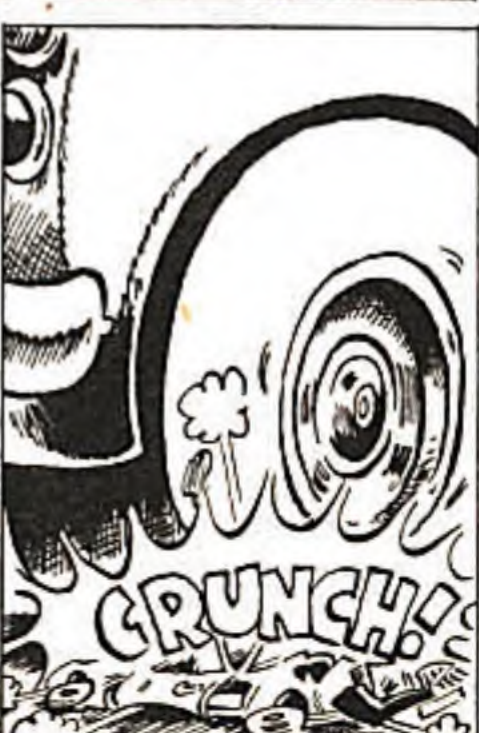
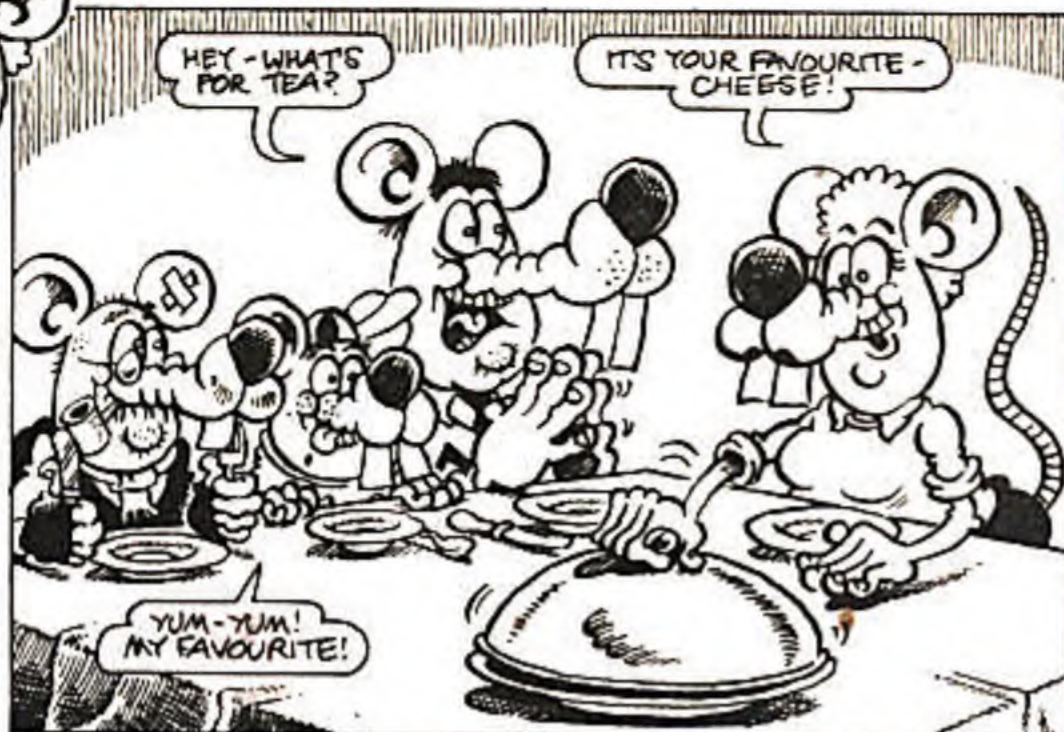
The SIMON SALAD-CREAM Story

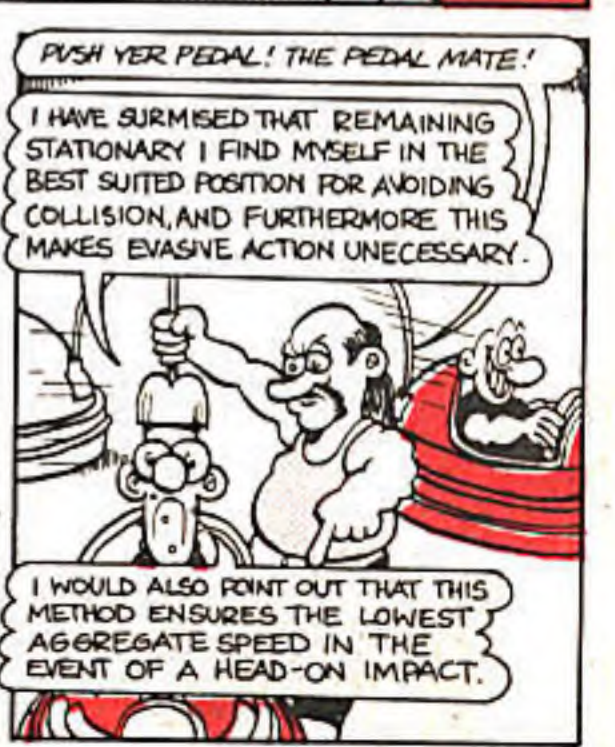
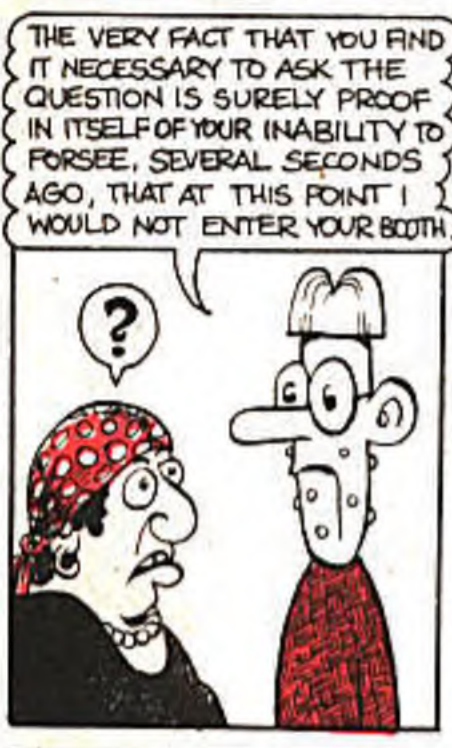
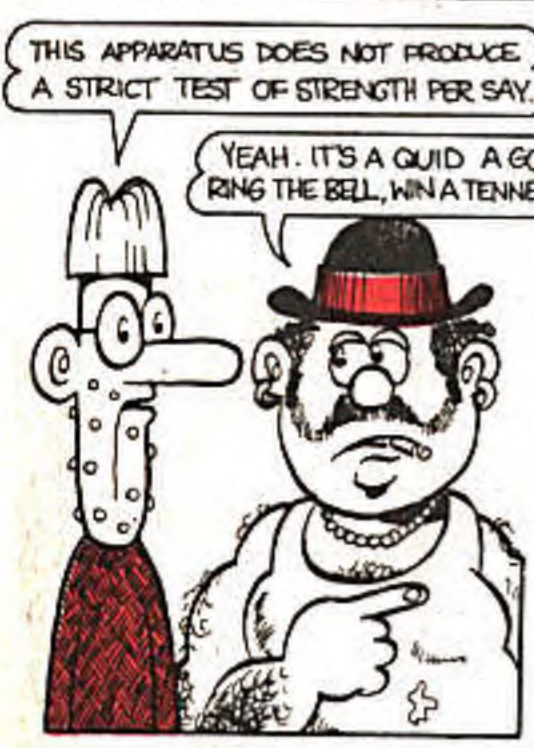
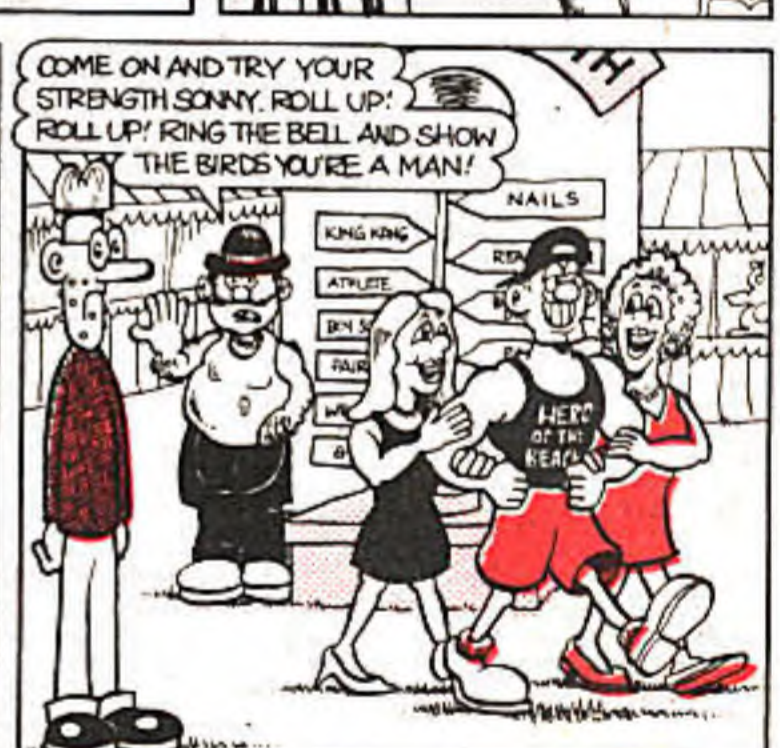
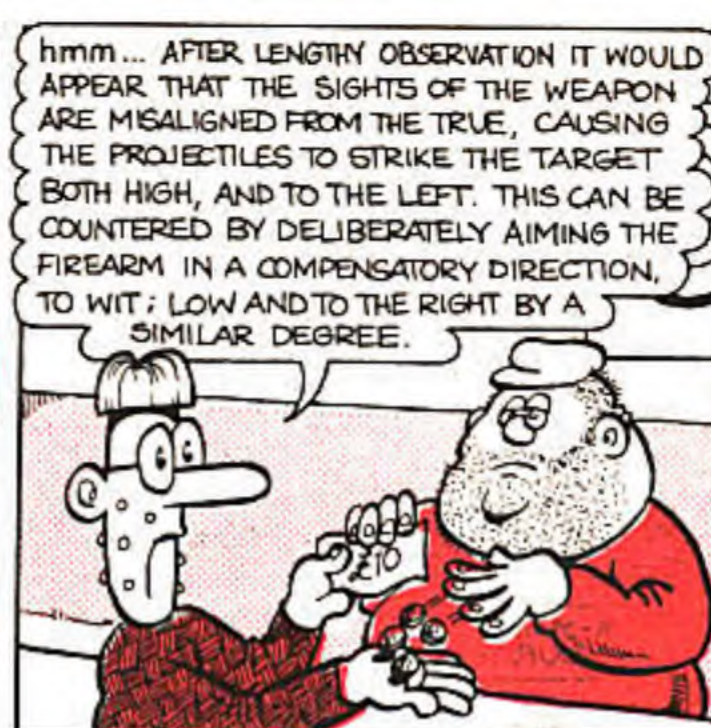
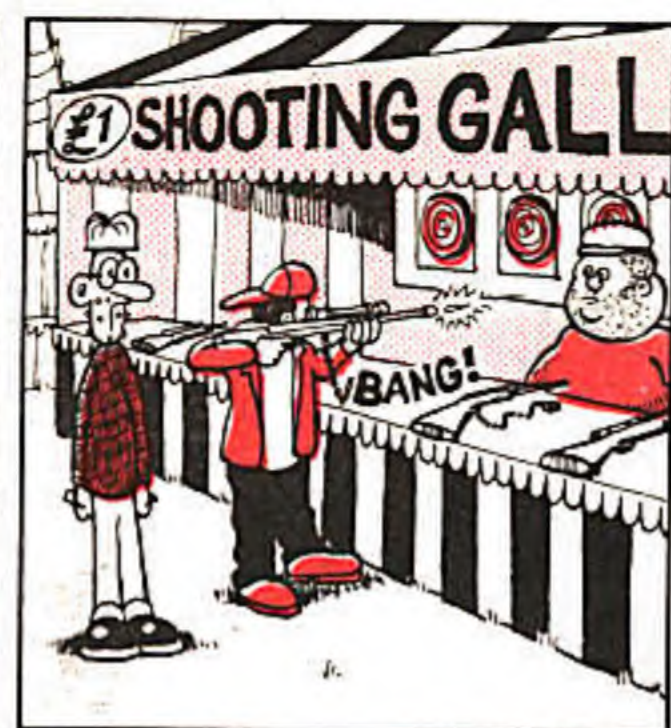
Part Four
SIMON FINDS GOD

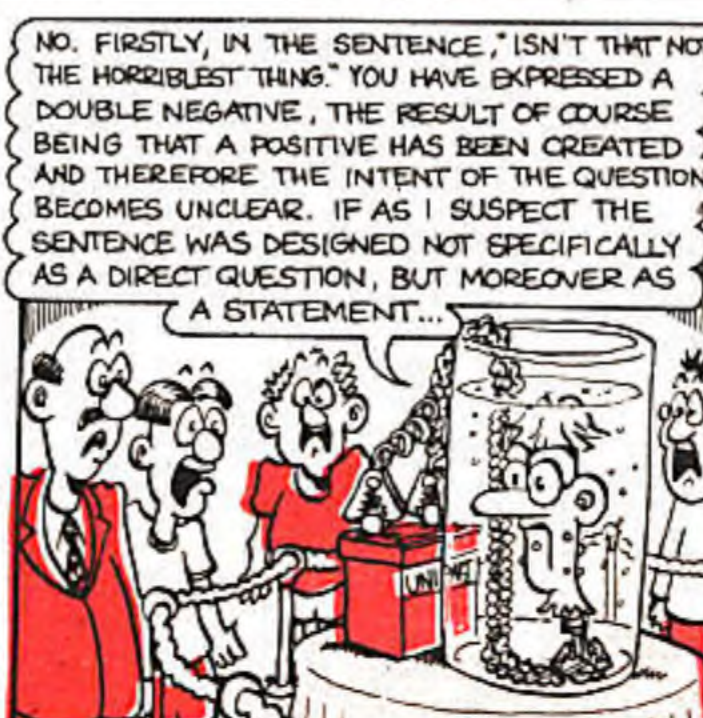
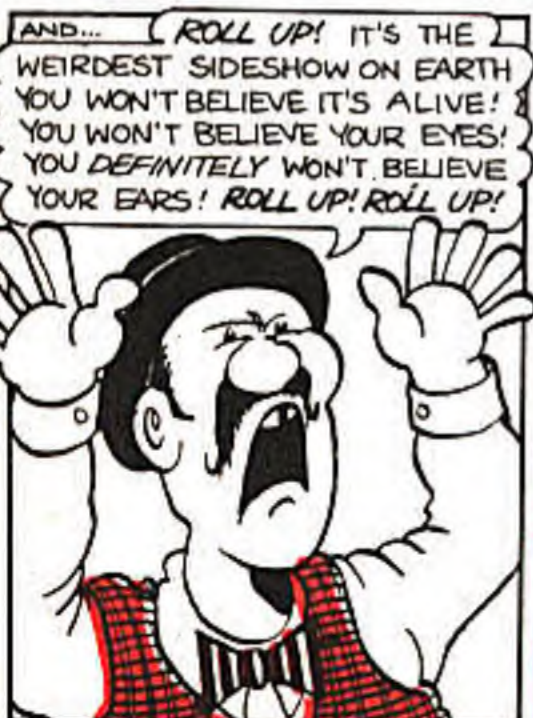
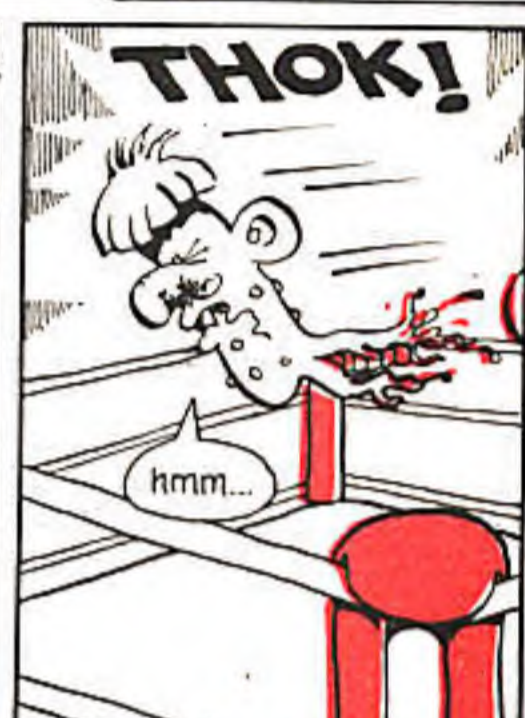
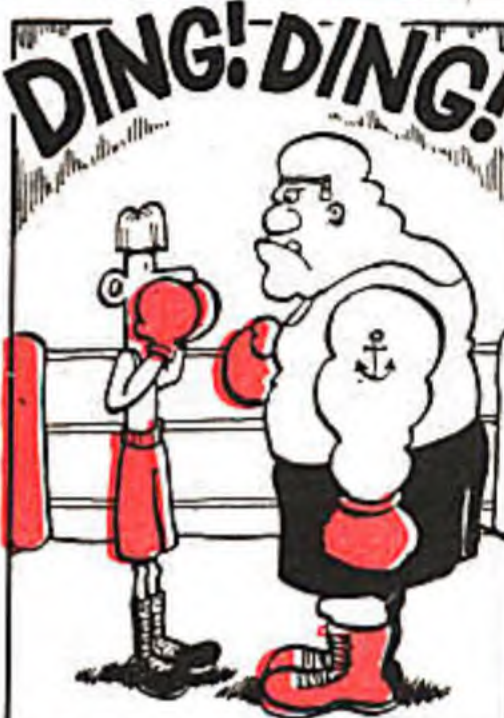
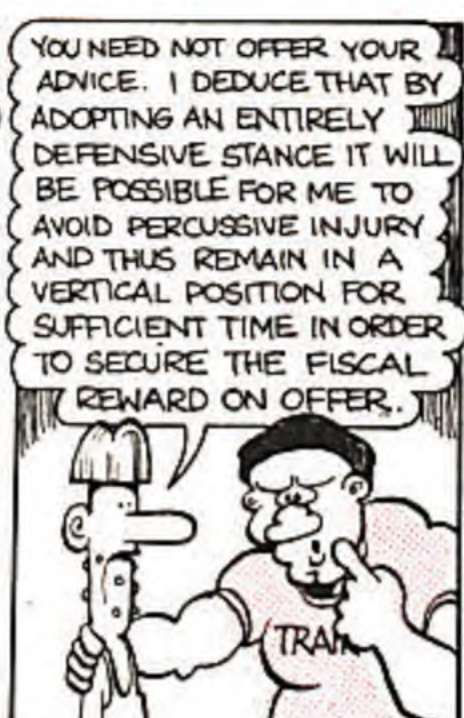
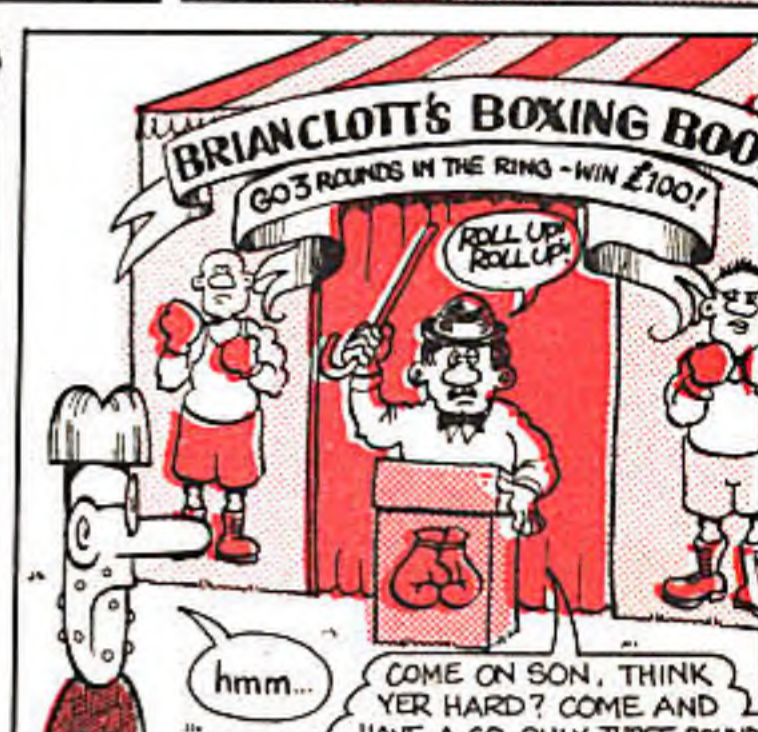
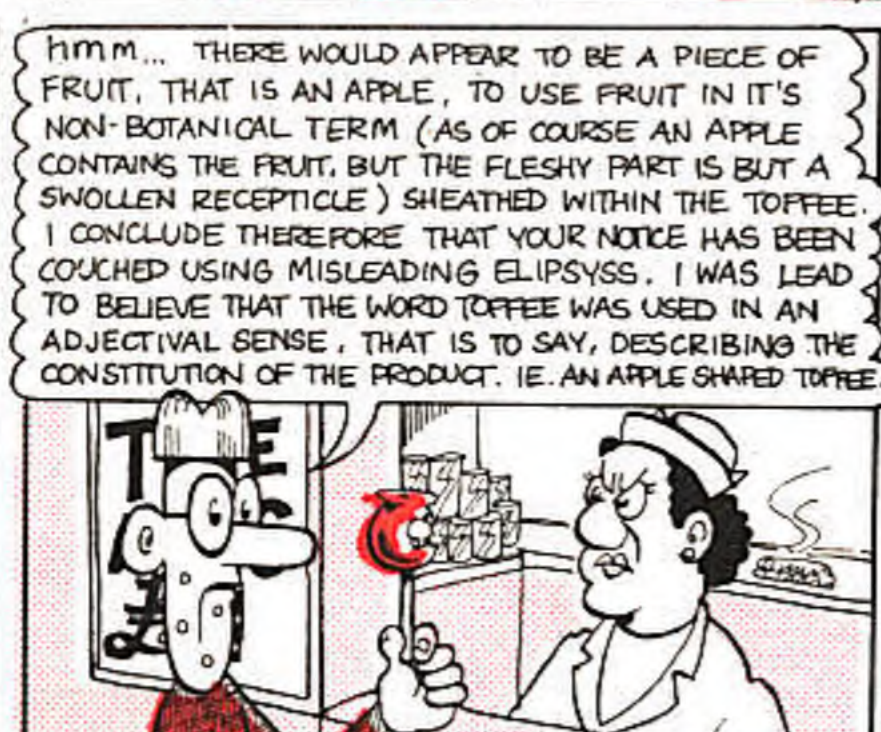
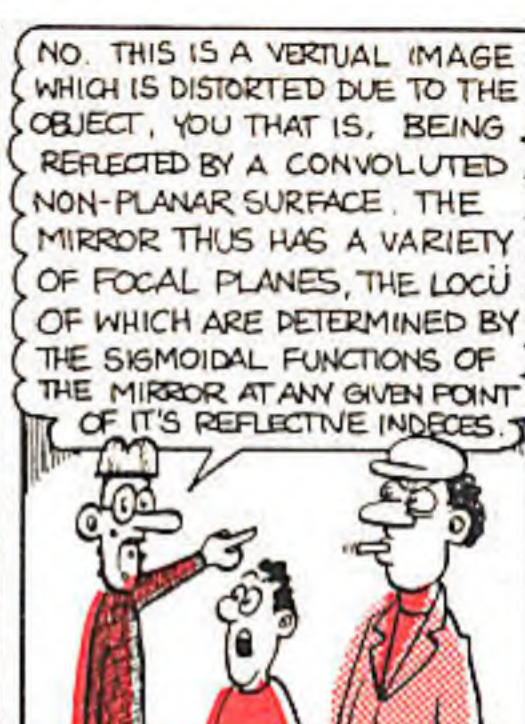
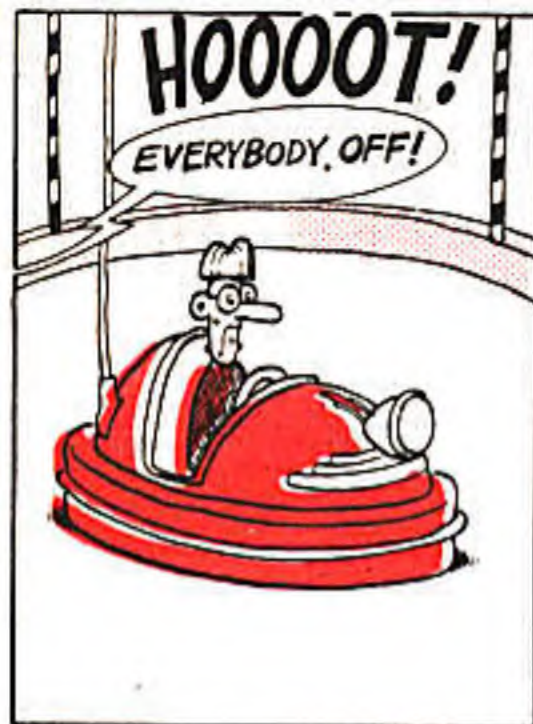


QUENTIN TARANTEENY







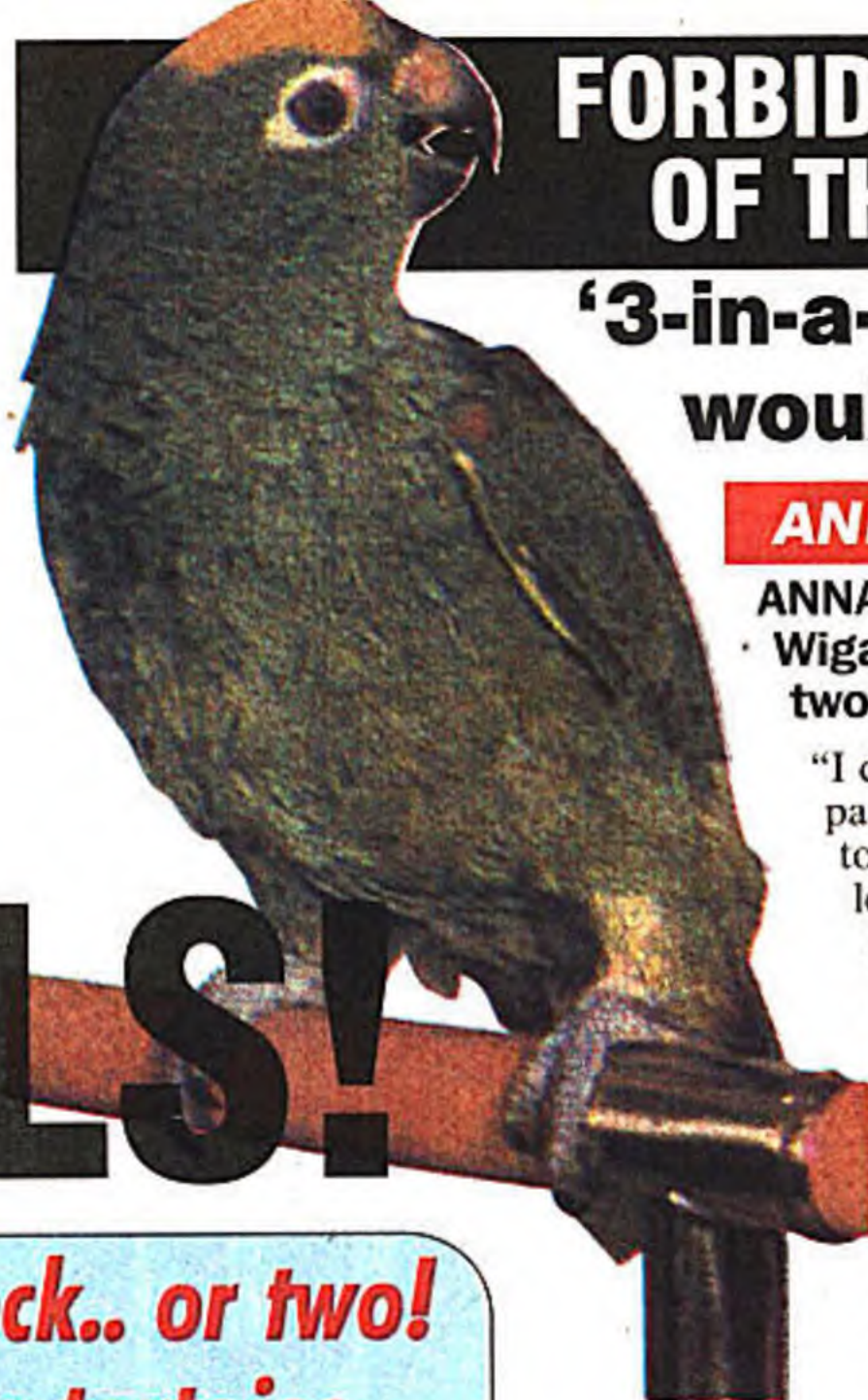


Registered at the Post Office as an Aid to Masturbation.

DIRTY ANIMALS!

- ★ **Pretty parrot likes a cock.. or two!**
- ★ **Blow job for Blue Peter tortoise**
- ★ **Puppy love for pet shop girl dog**

Your favourite pin-up pets have been confessing their raunchy red-hot fantasies exclusively to the wanktastic Daily Spurt! Here, in their own words, love hungry animals describe their hot and horny sex fantasies especially for you!



FORBIDDEN FANTASIES OF THE PIN-UP PETS

'3-in-a-cage sex romp would ring my bell'

ANNA-MARIE the parrot

ANNA-MARIE, a busty parrot from Wigan, longs to be caged in with two horny love birds.

"I dream that one day two muscle bound parrots will come into my cage, chain me to the bars, and take turns at making love to me.

They'd be big and strong, and they'd tie my little lady parrot wings behind my back. As they roughly pounded my parrot pussy my cute little feathery arse would bang against the cold metal bars. Then the whole cage would rattle as they spilled their love bird seed, ringing my bell over and over again. Then, as I lay on the floor afterwards, one would jump on my perch and shit in my beak."

Pictures: BLUE PETER Words: DAVID SULLIVAN (5'2")

'I think of his tortoise cock in my mouth'

TINA the tortoise

TINA, a stunning tortoise from Essex, dreams of having oral sex with Fred the Blue Peter tortoise live on TV.

BLUE

"Whenever I watch Blue Peter I always get horny and start to fantasise about Fred, the hunky tortoise.

BREASTS

My dreams always involve us having sex in front of the cameras, being watched by millions of viewers. I can feel him licking my huge tortoise breasts, and running his tongue over my hard green nipples. And my horny testudoid c**t quivers as I feel the size of his throbbing tortoisehood as it rubs against me.

WEAPON

Slowly I undo his tortoise trousers and release the huge, scaly weapon. Very slowly indeed I run my long, tortoise tongue up and down the length of his reptile shaft. Then I



engulf the long hard softness of his warm hard longness within the wet moist dampness of my love hungry tortoise mouth. Then he rolls over onto his shell and groans with pleasure as I pop his tortoise cork and my mouth overflows with the bubbling frothy taste of his tortoise love champagne".

Hang onto your mess fellas! There's more inside...

SHERRI, a girl dog from Essex, dreams of wandering around a pet shop in a see through top, short skirt and no underwear.

"I always imagine I'm walking into this shop and all the animals are looking at me. Through my top they can see my six doggy breasts and pert canine nipples.

SHERRI the dog

On a shelf there's some dirty books for animals. I pick one up and start to flick through it. I drop it deliberately, then bend down slowly to pick it up, revealing my dog arse and fanny in all their glory.

DOGGY STYLE

The animals rape me with their eyes. I can feel a gerbil's eyeballs rubbing up and down my dog pussy. And a lesbian kitten licks its cat flaps at the thought of my knickerless doggy fanny.

Then suddenly a goldfish leaps out of its tank and does it to me doggy style on the floor while all the others animals watch".



Test your knowledge of showbiz gossip and smears

The WHEELS of SLANDER!

We've all heard the rumours about our favourite pop star or celebrity. It's a wonder the rich and famous ever get any work done considering the amount of time they spend shoving gerbils up their arses, gulping down semen, and chomping away at chocolate confections protruding from female bodily orifices.

Needless to say, there's not a ha'peth of truth in any of them. Yet no matter where you go, in the office, pub or factory floor, there's never a shortage of new bizarre and improbable stories doing the rounds. So we decided to make up a few thousand more by printing the world's first set of Spinning Slander Wheels.

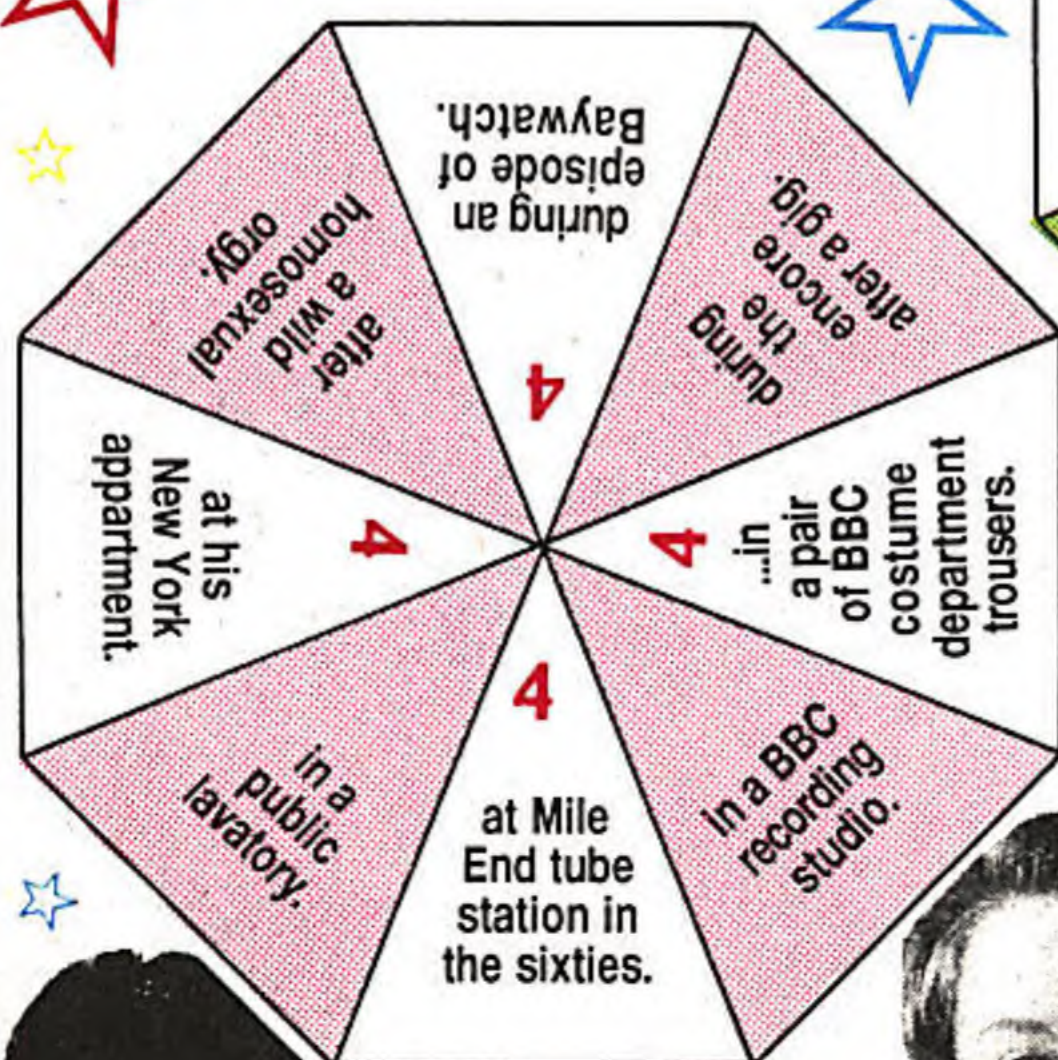
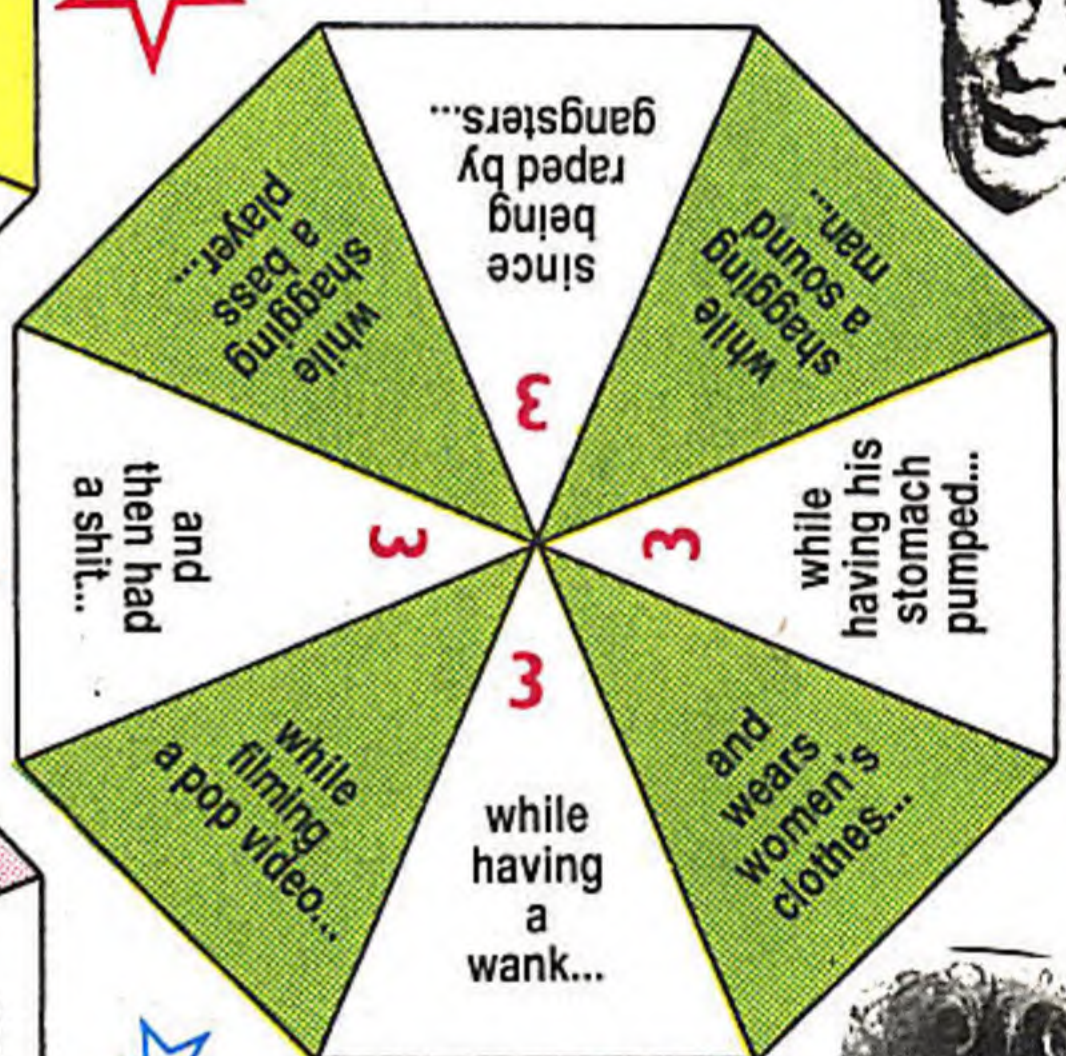
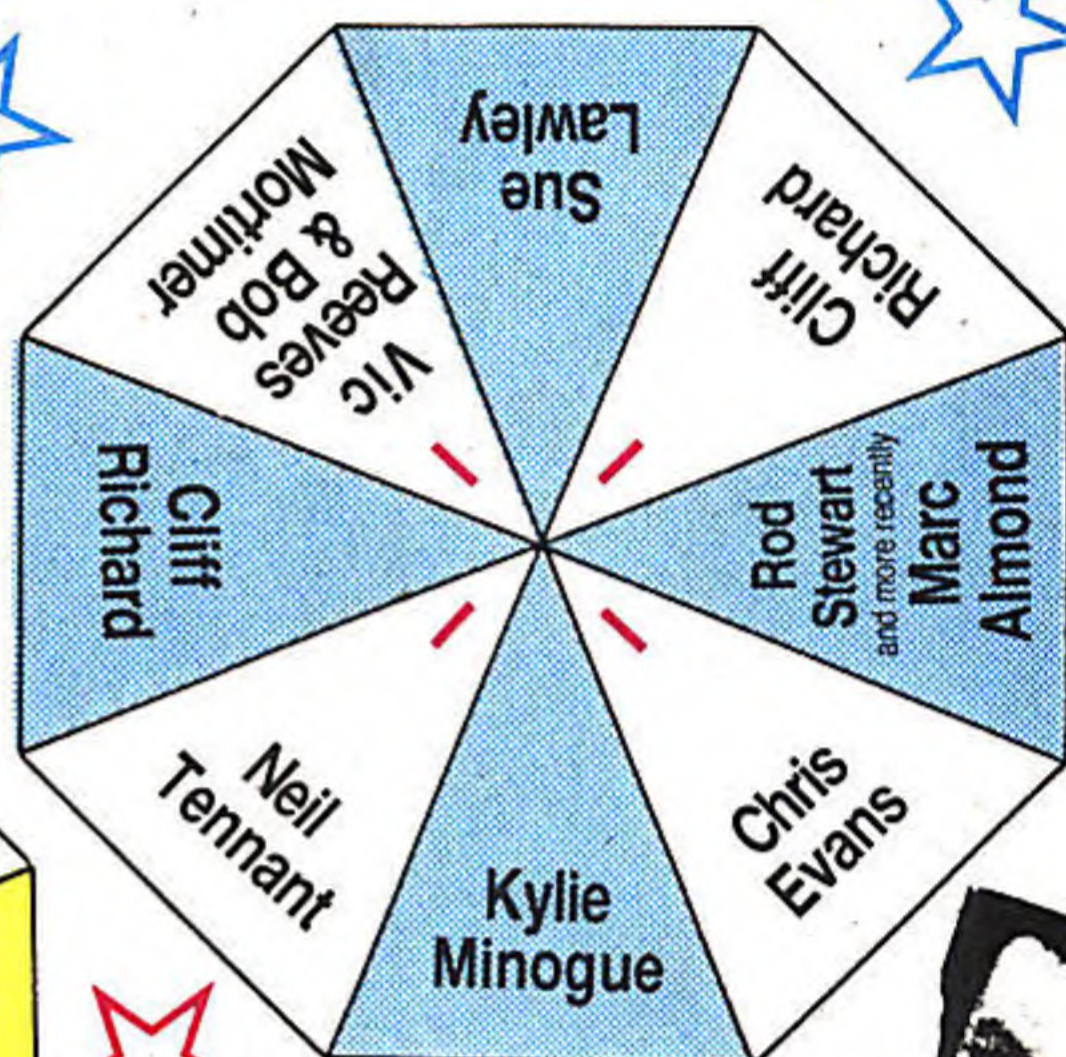
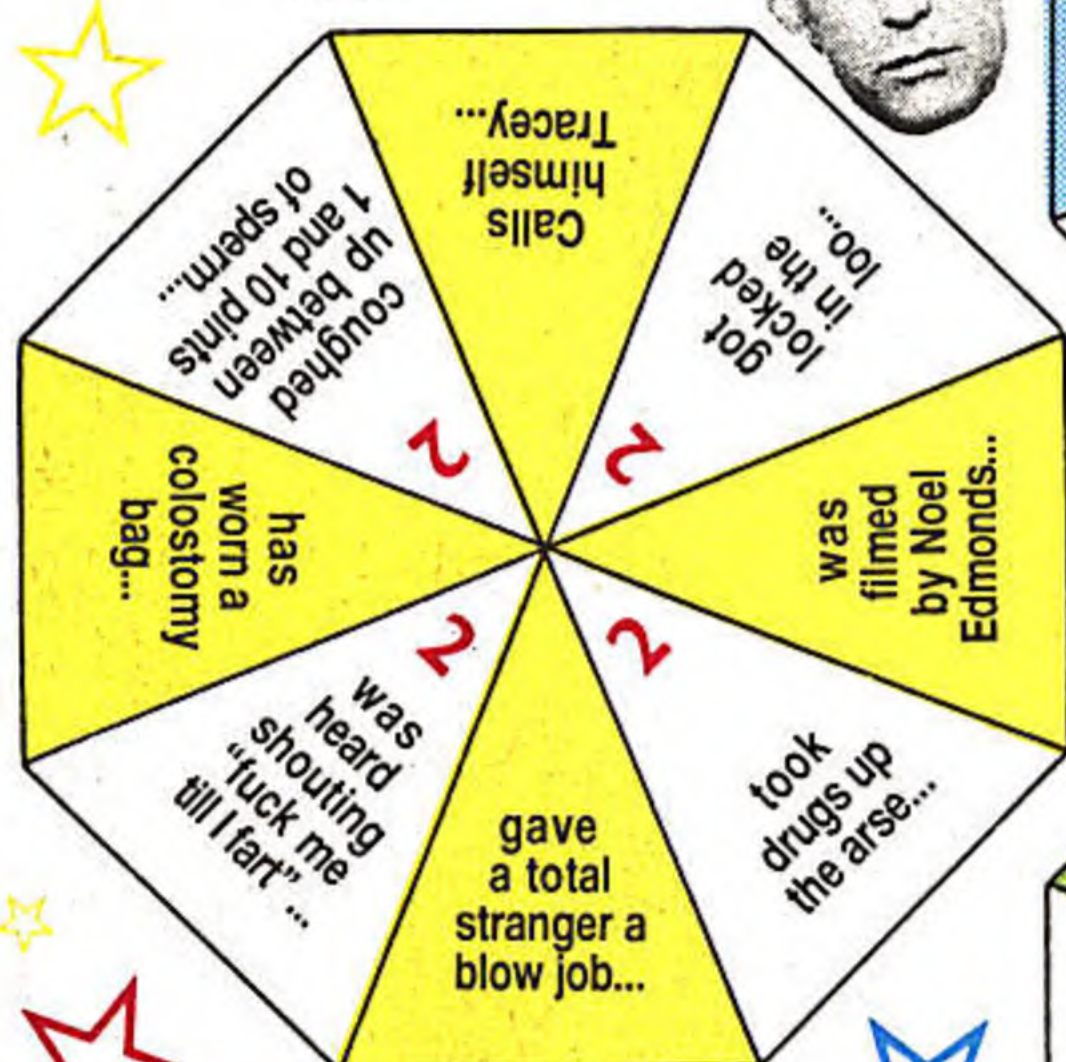
We've taken the names of eight celebrities and popular myths surrounding each one, and split them up into four constituent parts. To create your own brand new gossip, simply cut out the slander wheels, and stick a cocktail stick through the centre of each. Then spin wheels 1, 2, 3 and 4 in that order, and read off the information from the segment they land on. By doing this for several hours, or perhaps days, you can make over 4000 new show business rumours of your own!

Don't forget to spread the gossip amongst your friends, adding extra graphic details if you wish. Happy slandering!

Tell us your gossip and win £500!

We're offering a pound each for the 500 best bits of malicious gossip we receive about the stars. Write your rumour on a postcard and send it to: Viz Showbiz Gossip, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. If you don't know any, try making some up. It's easy! We promise we won't print your rumours. (Warning: You may be committing slander if the postman plus one other person reads it. So don't forget to include your own name and address, and details of your legal representative).

A whirling who's who of who did or didn't do what, where, with who or what, and when



Win a coffee table plus 25 copies of Wild Willy Barrett's new CD!

Wild Willy gets wood and makes it into unusual coffee tables

Look who's crawled out of the woodwork! Almost quite literally. Unusual furniture making woodwork, that is.

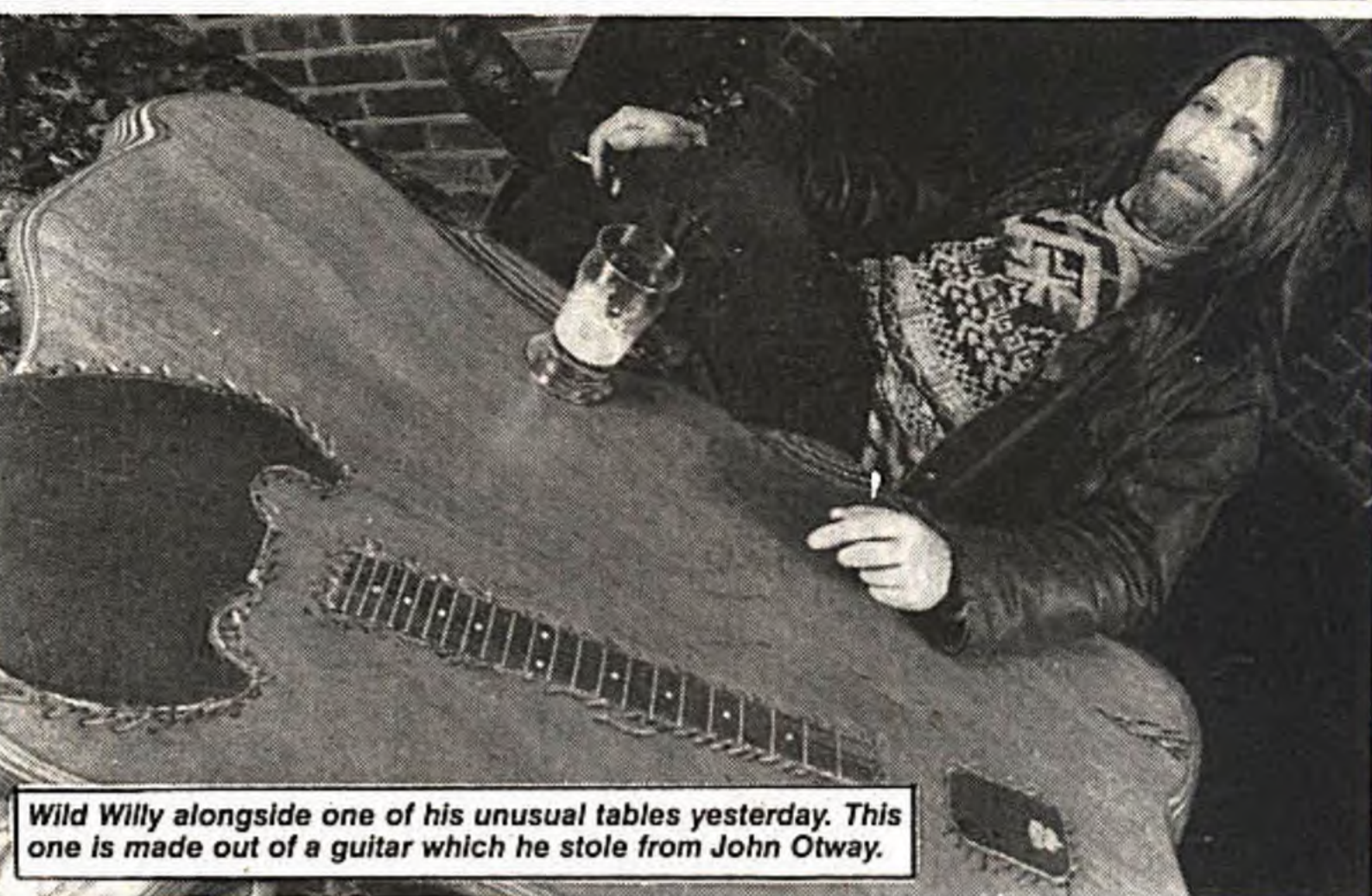
In the last issue we featured top of the flops John Otway. Now his former partner Wild Willy Barrett is on the comeback trail and has released an album too.

TABLES

After enjoying their string of hit back in 1977 Willy parted company with Otway and concentrated on his woodwork - making unusual coffee tables instead of records. But now the original Wild Willy of rock is back, and after a successful acoustic UK tour has released an entertaining and unusual new record.

A virtuoso multi-instrumentalist, Willy can play virtually anything with strings on it. And it sounds as if he does just that on the new album 'Open Toad and Flapping' which also features the church harmonium, a cardboard box, a 400 gallon diesel tank, a sheet of corrugated iron and a blues harp. It's described as 'Acoustic Roots Blues Country Folk', and is available now on the Park Records label, distributed by Pinnacle.

We're giving away a coffee table, to the winner of this Wild Willy competition, and a CD albums to 25



Wild Willy alongside one of his unusual tables yesterday. This one is made out of a guitar which he stole from John Otway.

runners up. Just answer these six 'table' themed questions.

1. According to your times tables, what are 3 x 7?

- (a) 4
- (b) 17
- (c) 22

2. In the periodic table, which chemical element is represented by the symbol 'W'?

- (a) Tungsten
- (b) Water
- (c) Wood

3. What kind of table might you find Thomas The Tank Engine sitting on?

- (a) A railway timetable
- (b) A turn table
- (c) An occasional table

4. Where would you find a water table?

- (a) By a swimming pool
- (b) In a goldfish bowl
- (c) Under the ground

5. What is the collective noun for a group of tables?

- (a) A set
- (b) A flat pack
- (c) A nest

6. If a Tory MP tabled a motion, what would he have done?

- (a) Put forward a procedural proposal to the House of Commons in return for a

cash payment from a business associate.

(b) Sung along with the words of a Smokey Robinson and the Miracles song.

(c) Shat on a glass topped coffee table during a perverted sex act with a fellow Conservative MP, or a rent boy.

Please note that the first prize coffee table will almost certainly not be one made by Wild Willy Barrett, but a similar one bought from a second hand shop round the corner from our office. Please mark your entries 'Wild Willy'.

Yabba dabba tattoo!

Those crazy Simpsons, Beavis and Butt-Head Flintstone, stars of the cult comedy Wayne's World, are being released in tattoo form at the beginning of July.

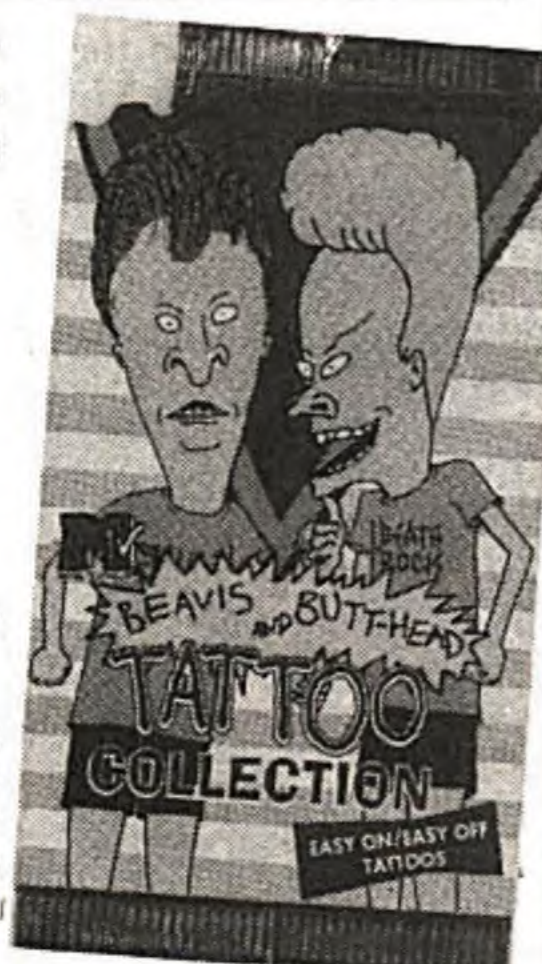
The Beavis and Butt-Head Tattoo Collection are 'easy-on, easy-off' temporary tattoos being launched by Topps, the well known 'international confectionery and collector card giant', it says here. At great expense to this multi-national corporation we've been given 150 packs to give away, worth a staggering £37.50 in total. There's three packs each for the first 50 people who correctly answer the following

We're giving away £37.50 worth of tat!

question. Mark your entry 'Tattoos'.

Where can Topps (the international confectionery and collector card giant) stick their poxy tattoos?

- (a) On their arms.
- (b) On their hands.
- (c) Up their arses.



A pack of Wayne Gump stickers yesterday. Not.Way.

Spot the athlete's foots

We're giving away a tin of 'Daktarin' athletes foot powder plus six pairs of socks in this exciting athletes foot competition.

Pictured here is some athlete's foot. Using your skill, judgement, and your knowledge of athletics, work out whose foots it is. Put your answer on a postcard and mark it 'Athletes Foots'. Tell us your shoe size, and we'll send socks plus the powder to the first person who gets it right, and a pair of socks to five lucky runners up.



Win a Chinese meal for two! (to take away)

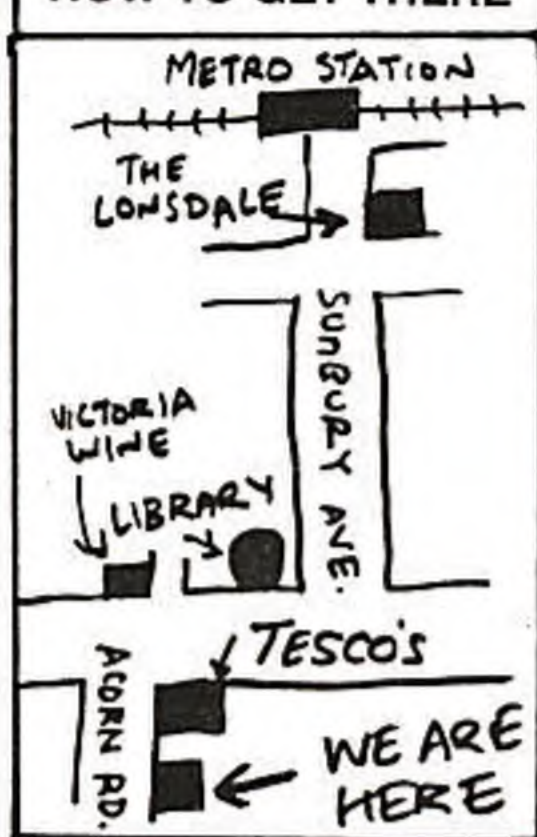
Mighty OK meals from little Acorn Chop Suey House grow...

The Acorn Chop Suey House have pitched in with the perfect prize for our competition page. A mouth watering Chinese takeaway for two!

The Acorn is your first stop for delicious Chinese cuisine (to take away only). Diners can choose anything from Chop Suey Rolls to Chicken Chow Mein, from Sweet and Sour sauces, to erm... Seaweed soup. Probably. And lots more besides. Their menu is packed with dozens of mouth watering dishes, from number 1 to number 200 and odd. Plus tins of pop.

You'll find the Acorn Chop Suey House in Acorn Road, Jesmond, Newcastle. It's only a short walk from West Jesmond Metro station. British Rail services connect at Newcastle Central. So you can leave London at 7pm and be

HOW TO GET THERE



tucking into a delicious takeaway by about erm... 10.30. And then you can catch last orders at The

Suey House grow...

...or something like that

Lonsdale just down the road. To win the meal for two simply answer the following China based questions.

1. If a Cockney has a "China", what is he talking about?
(a) A 'china tea', meaning a 'wee'.
(b) A 'china doll', meaning an 'atoll' (a sort of Scottish mountain).
(c) A 'china plate', meaning a 'mate'

2. What is the only man made structure visible from space?
(a) Wickes DIY store and builders merchants on the Battle Hill Estate, just off the Coast Road in

Newcastle.

(b) St Mary's Lighthouse, Whitley Bay.

(c) The Great Wall of China

3. T'Pau sang about china where?

(a) At the Brit Awards

(b) In a bull shop

(c) In your hand

Mark your entries 'Acorn Chop Suey' and send them to the usual address. Please note that the winners will have to get to the Acorn Chop Suey House themselves, unless they live nearby, in which case they do deliver. The prize does not include fried rice which will be 30p extra.

It could be YOU-HOO!

The following are a few of the prize winners from past competitions that we've eventually got round to sorting out. In future we'll try to publish winners names in the issue following the competition. (All winners are notified by post and receive their prizes automatically).

Issue 67

Dansette-Damage competition: James Bell of Stroud, Steven Borcic of Liversedge.

Swearly Telly: J.R.Shilliam of Sheffield.

Beer: Steve Storer of West Hallam, Derbyshire.

Steak: Peter Mitchell of Preston, Martin Colclough of Stoke.

Telephone Winner: Howard Fulford of Kingston upon Thames.

Runners up were Jim Callaway, Steve Rigby, Tom Dillinger, H.Tahil, Jeremy Condcliffe, Phil Cook, Gary Brown, Greg Butler, Dave Mills, D.Connolly, Tom Stokes, Dave Holton, Max Bondini, Steve Adams, John M. Reid, Chris Mallory.

Graham Taylor's Swearbox: We couldn't count the number of swearwords, so we just judged the tie breakers. The winner was S. Hemming of Hove who wrote: 'I think swearing is both big and clever because I'm a cunt'.

Issues 69 and 70

Can't find them. But someone won. And they all got their prizes. Probably. If they turn up we'll print them later. (Issue 68 winners appeared in issue 70. Apparently).

Issue 71

Classical Crumpet: Paul & Beryl Bevan of Coventry, Richard Beaden of Bexhill on Sea, Martin Hughes of Romford, Anthony Chapman of Milton Keynes, D. Rowe of Newton Poppleford, John Bishop of Birkenhead, Richard Craven of Nottingham, R.W.Strong of Trowbridge, Jean Byham of Bath, Paul Meaden of Bromley, P.Colyer of Boston, Chris Sykes of Harpenden, J.Campbell of Dalry (Ayrshire), A.Donaldson of Surrey, Dave Mitson of High Wycombe, David Showell of Sutton Coalfield, Anthony K.Barnes of Girton College Cambridge (who said Viz readers were all thick), S.Neville of Warley, Mr M.Pyles of Bath & Matt Chapman of RAF St.Mawgan, Cornwall.

Endsleigh League: Stewart Carroll of Liverpool.

John Otway Winner: Andrew Maude of Leeds. Runners up Tom Davies, Dave Watkins, Jason Creighton, T.D.Skelton, N.Benle-Jones, Paul Tadman, Stephen Will, Siobhan Long, Val Sornbat, D.M.Rodger, Karen Wintle, Steve Moore, H.Overend, Rose Painter, Paul Garnham, Pete McDermott, Neil Edward Peacock, Ryan Cowlin, John Rodger, Nigel Wilson, Nail Sneddon, G.Milton, D.Matthews, Mrs P.Norris. **Bandit Busters:** Jex Cole of Skelmersdale, Steve Middleton of Nottingham, Bill Thackray of Croydon, N.Blake of Bath & Mr P.R. O'Reilly of Preston. **Who Said What?:** Geoff Cunliffe of Birmingham.

Saddle up! And head for the hills...

The winners of this competition will have a mountain to climb - quite literally. And they'll have to get on their bikes too - quite literally as well.

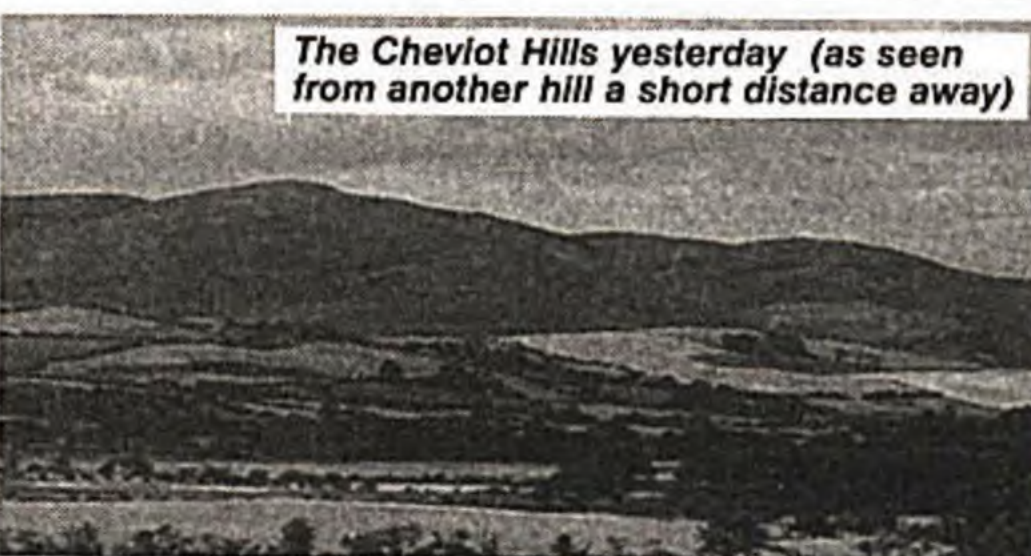
That's because the prize is two mountain biking holiday weekends for two in the wild, windy, scenic and fairly steep Cheviot Hills.

Win two holidays for TWO!

The Cheviot Hillbillies will give you a holiday with a difference (and don't worry, its nothing like the film 'Deliverance'). They provide bed and board, entertainment, and a variety of exciting guided mountain bike rides in the wilds of North Northumberland. They also sell, hire and repair bikes, and do your washing. Holiday prices are from £40 per person per night, and afterwards you'll have a sore arse. But it'll be worth it. (They'll send you a brochure if you send a SAE to the Cheviot Hillbillies, Kypie Farm, Mindrum, Northumberland, TD12 4QG. We're

giving away two long weekend mountain bike breaks, each for two people, to the winners of our 'hillbilly' competition. You'll have to make their own way to Berwick upon Tweed railway station, from where you'll be picked up and whisked off to the hills for a weekend to remember. Simply answer these Hill and Billy questions, and mark your entry 'Hillbillies'.

1. Which Hill was the father of racing driver Damon?
(a) Jimmy Hill
(b) Graham Hill
(c) Benny Hill



2. Which Billy was the singer in Generation X?
(a) Billy Fury
(b) Billy Bremner
(c) Billy Idol

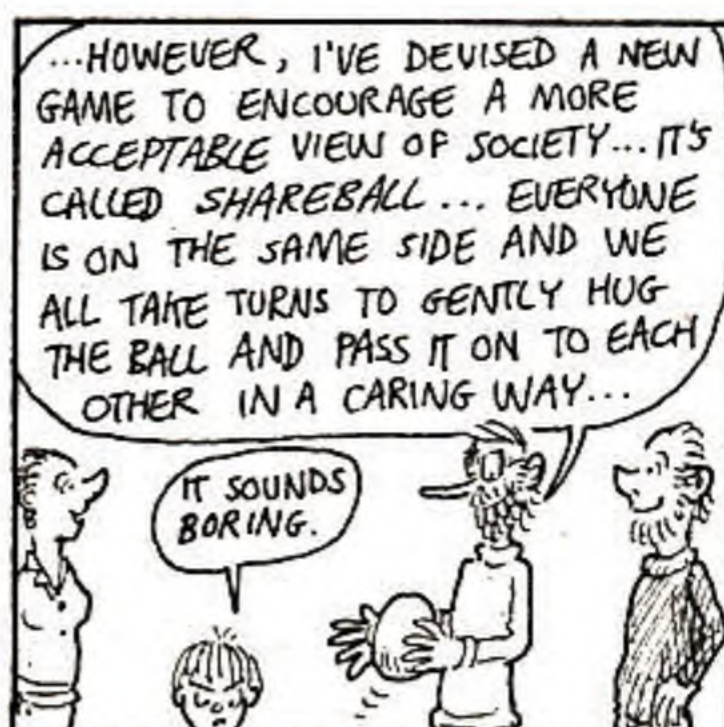
3. Which hill was the scene of the Battle of Hastings?
(a) Biggin Hill
(b) Senlac Hill
(c) Beverly Hills

4. Once a jolly swag man sat by a billabong, under the shade of the koolibar tree. He sang and he watched and he waited while his what boiled?
(a) His blood
(b) His kettle
(c) His billy

HOW TO ENTER

Send your answers on a postcard to Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Mark the card 'Issue 72' and don't forget to tell us the name of the competition you're entering, plus your own name and address. If you're entering more than one, please use a separate card for each.

The MODERN PARENTS



BACK ISSUES!

Remember the days when Viz used to be funny? Now you can re-live those marvellous memories by buying a whole bunch of back issues. Genuine unsold copies of early editions, we are pleased to offer them for sale at £1.40 each. In many cases this is slightly more than the original cover price, but we feel that a small premium is justified by virtue of the fact that these comics are now genuine antiques. A further suspiciously round looking charge is being levied in respect of our postage costs, leaving us with a very tidy profit margin indeed.

If you wish to take advantage of this offer, please circle the back issues you require below, and enclose £1.40 per comic ordered. Add 50p postage if ordering one comic, £1 if ordering between 2 and 5, and £2 for 6 or more. Complete your name and address and payment details on the Subscriptions form below, together with the words 'BACK ISSUES' on any space available. Detach and send us both portions of the form. If you wish to subscribe and order back issues, you'd better just improvise. It's already getting too complicated for me.

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Subscribing to Viz is far better than buying it in the shops. Why? Because we make more money, that's why. So don't delay, subscribe today. And Sally will personally post you your next six issues, hot off the presses. A year's subscription (six issues) costs £7.50 (£11.50 if you're overseas). For extra copies see below.

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If you are ordering a subscription for someone else fill in the recipient's name above, and your own details below. If the subscription is for yourself, just fill in your name and address above, and leave the next bit blank.

My name.....

Address.....

Post code.....

(If you do not know your name, ask your parents or next of kin)

Right. Now onto the painful subject of money. How are you going to pay? Tick one box only:

☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order for £..... crossed and made payable to John Brown Publishing Limited.

☐ Live for today, that's my motto. Please debit my Access/ Visa/ Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/ Connect Card/Kidney Donor Card, cos it's not the same as real money.

Card No. Expiry date.....

Send this completed form (together with your cheque/PO if applicable) to Sally the imaginary Viz Subs girl, FREEPOST (SW6096), Frome, Somerset, BA11 1YA. The postage is on us, if posted in the UK. Generous or what?

Credit card orders can be made on our telephone hotline (01373) 451 777. (We regret this facility is not available to people with beige trimphones). Extra copies of each issue (sent to the same address) cost an additional £6.00 (UK) and £7.00 (Overseas). Please quote S401 when phoning orders through.

☐ Please tick if you would prefer not to receive occasional mailings from selected companies.

S401

A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hello. I'm your local newsagent. If you're thinking of subscribing to Viz, please think twice before sending them your money. If you subscribe, I lose your business, and I have a family and a mortgage to worry about. I'll end up having to stock horrible bargain brand packets of biscuits, and devote even more of my shop space to racks and racks of greeting cards which cost fuck all to print, but sell for £1.50, most of which goes straight into my pocket.

The Lying Old Witch in the Wardrobe



ADVERTISEMENT

NAUGHTY BUT NICE! Miss Lolita's SEXY BASQUES Reveal your wife's inner self



This sensational exotic, erotic, figure hugging ¾ cup basque clings to all the right curves to ensure a really tight fit. It comes in all sizes, even large enough to accommodate your 18 stone boot of a missus. We guarantee she'll look nothing like the drawing on the left.

If you pester her enough she'll probably wear it once but you'll feel so bad that you'll be unable to get wood. Made from 100% Acrylic polyvinyl bri-nylon acetate, it's certain to set her eczema off and render her uncomfortable throughout the whole sorry episode, after which it'll be stuffed in the back of a drawer and forgotten. Disappointment and embarrassment from the moment the sniggering postman pops it through your letterbox. Guaranteed!

"After forty years of marriage our sex life had become stale. I bought one of your Lolita sexy basques for my wife. When I gave it to her she hit the roof. I tried to tell her it was meant as a joke, but she didn't believe me and threw me out the house. I haven't seen her since"



Mr. B. Essex

"I bought one of your Lolita sexy basques two months ago, but I haven't had the courage to show it to my wife yet. Let alone ask her to wear it in bed. She'd be so humiliated. I wish I'd never bought it. It's behind some tins of paint in the garage. I'd throw it away only I'm scared the bin men would find it"



Mr. R. London

WARNING! Keep away from naked flames. Acrylic polyvinyl bri-nylon acetate goes up like a rocket.

FREE!

We'll send you with your order our full colour catalogue of exotic lingerie and exciting playwear direct to your home every morning for the rest of your life. And look out for the occasional hardcore material dropping on your doormat to embarrass you.



MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Yes. Me and the wife only "do it" about once a year these days - and I'd really like to have sex with a bird what looks like the one in the drawing. However, I don't know any, so please send me a sexy basque for the wife. I know that I will bitterly regret sending off this money from the moment the envelope goes in the pillar-box until the moment I die. I am aware that the action I am now taking will blight the rest of my life and quite probably destroy my marriage. In the back of my mind I know that not one SINGLE satisfactory sexual experience will ensue from this stupid, stupid, sad purchase. I enclose a cheque for £5.95 made payable to LOLITA SEXY LINGERIE & PORN Ltd. Oh God. That means I'll never be able to show my face in the bank again.

Name Address Postcode (BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)
LOLITA SEXY LINGERIE & PORN Ltd, Flat 334b, Leeds, West Yorks.

On this day 25 years ago

Singer Jonathan King was arrested and questioned for seven hours by police investigating his hit single 'Everyone's gone to the moon'. The disc caused a panic among record buyers many of whom became concerned for the safety of relatives. King was later released without charge after giving assurances that nobody had gone to the moon.

50 years ago

The world's first zip was manufactured in Ohio, U.S.A. Using technology first developed for battle tank caterpillar tracks the zip fastener was rushed into production to combat a world button hole shortage. During the Second World War over 200 million button holes were lost in the Atlantic on board merchant ships en route from the USA to Europe.

75 years ago

Captain Harold Bird, a retired naval officer from Hull, began manufacturing processed fish slices in a shed at the back garden of his home, selling them to friends and neighbours for a farthing each. The breadcrumb covered slices were later renamed 'fish fingers'.